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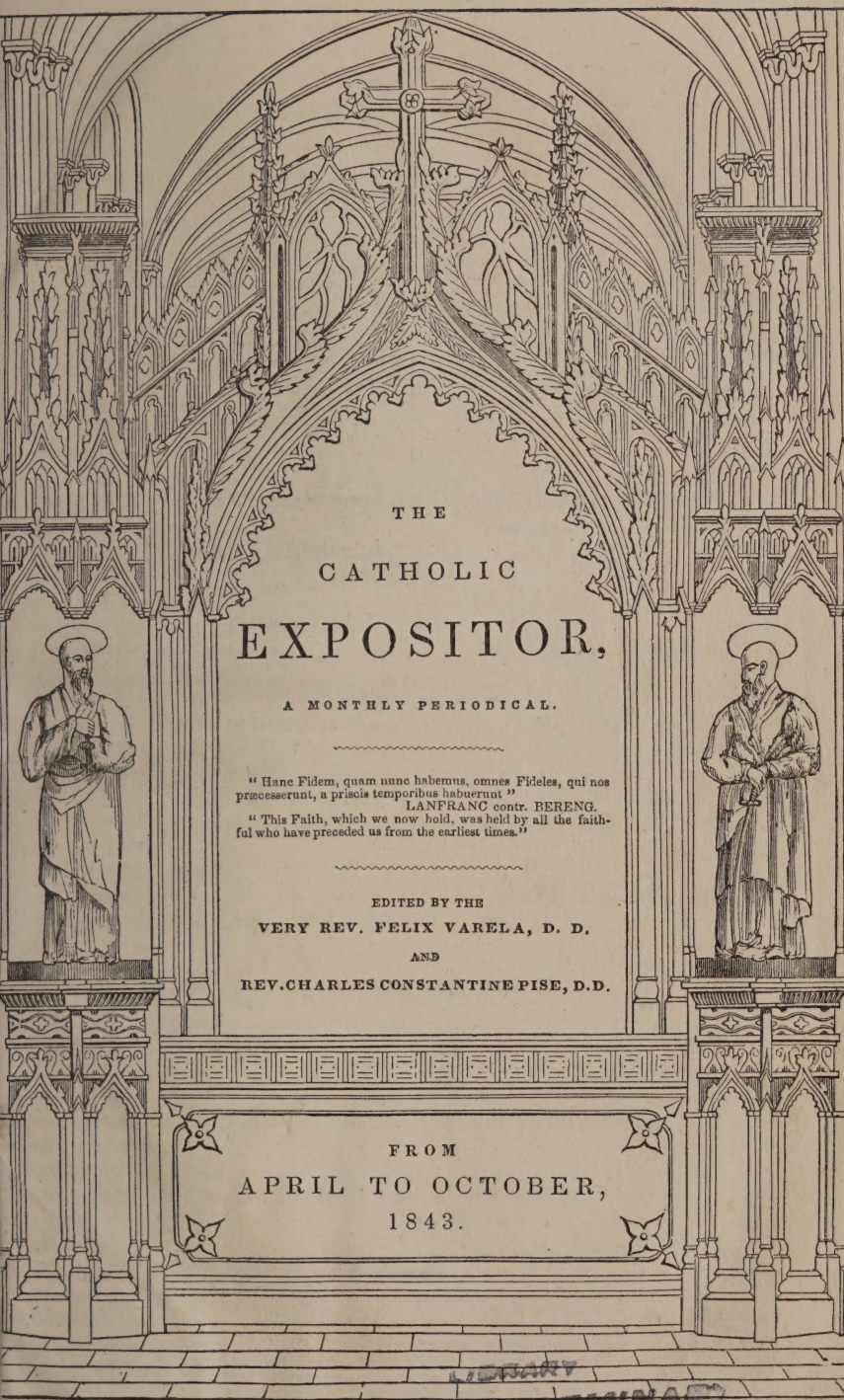

# THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR,

A MONTHLY PERIODICAL.

"Hanc Fidem, quam nunc habemus, omnes Fideles, qui nos præcesserunt, a priscis temporibus habuerunt"
LANFRANC contr. BERENG.
"This Faith, which we now hold, was held by all the faithful who have preceded us from the earliest times."

EDITED BY THE
VERY REV. FELIX VARELA, D. D.
AND
REV. CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D.D.

FROM
APRIL TO OCTOBER,
1843.

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A Fine Steel Engraving of Father De Smet.
A Fine Steel Engraving of Cana of Galilee.
A View of the Catholic College of the Holy Cross, Worcester, Massachusetts.

THE

# CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR

AND

# LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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## FATHER CYPRIAN BAREZE.

THE insatiable cupidity of Spain wasted her colonies like a pestilence, so that, in the course of forty years, twelve millions of the people of Mexico and Peru perished by disease, the sword, or fire, or wore out their lives miserably in the mines. Las Casas appealed to Ferdinand and Isabella on their behalf, and afterwards to Ximenes. "Thrones," he said, "overturned, kings slain with the diadem on their heads, Indians massacred at their altars and in the midst of their sacrifices, and yet they wish to make them Christians!" The Dominicans, to whom the instruction of the Indians was first entrusted, withstood with all their influences these excesses; and their famous preacher, Montesino, filled the court of Madrid with his complaints. No atonement was offered to outraged humanity, until the toils and sufferings of the missionaries seemed to pay back part of the mighty debt;—they complained that it was not possible to overcome the aversion of the natives towards the Spaniards, transmitted from father to son. The Catholic kings issued at times, but in vain, decrees full of humanity, to ease the yoke of their new subjects: there were very many persons, secure in the distance, who continued to exercise their power and their passions without pity or remorse. At last the missionaries found that they must seek out other nations, more remote, which by their situation had little intercourse with Europeans; and about the middle of the seventeenth century, a few men resolved to embrace this, the only means of extensive usefulness.

A number of Indians being with some difficulty brought together, they were taught to build houses with wood, and much pains were taken to convince them that it was necessary to cultivate the ground: the missionaries furnished the grain, and found them all necessaries for their maintenance till the harvest. The Indi-

ans continued to hunt and fish, and sought honey and wild fruits in the woods; and at the end of the year, the harvest being plentiful, they grew more gentle and tractable. The pastors began to baptize the children, and afterwards, in process of time, the adults; subsequently it was judged proper to say mass, and to administer the sacraments in public. The neophytes, as the new converts were called, began to feel a lively interest in their profession. The first colony was scarcely settled, when several others were formed on the same plan: and it must be confessed that the most pathetic exhortations would have been unavailing to bring these people to any knowledge of God, if some substantial comforts had not first been provided.

The Jesuits at last taught them to love labor and husbandry; they provided them with fish-hooks, knives, hatchets, scissors, and needles, which were too dear in the Spanish towns to be purchased by the Indians, and they supplied them also with drugs and remedies.

The name of Moxos is given to an assemblage of heathen tribes who inhabit a country of vast extent, situated under the torrid zone, and extending from the 10th to the 15th degree south latitude. The country is a succession of plains, skirted by high mountains, on the confines of Peru, running from north to south, whence this mission is classed among those of Peru. The floods, rushing from these mountains during the rainy seasons, overflow the plains, whose aspect is sad and uninteresting, resembling, on a vast scale, the moors and dreary heaths of Scotland. The south winds, which come from the snowy mountains, fill the air in winter with an intense cold; and in summer, the people suffer from the violent heat of the climate, rendered yet more unwholesome by the moisture of the earth after the inundations, when the soil is a very hotbed for serpents, vipers, and muskitoes.

In some hopes of winning the natives over to Christianity, the first Jesuit missionaries built a church at Santa Cruz de la Sierra, on the confines of the country. Their efforts were fruitless for near a hundred years, until Cyprian Bareze, a Spaniard, who had long besought his superiors to allot him this most painful of missions, arrived in Santa Cruz in 1674, from Lima. In company with Guastillo, he embarked in a small canoe on the river Guapay, with a few Indians as guides, and they arrived in the country of the Moxos in twelve days. At first the latter could not bear that the missionary should live among them; but some presents from time to time, of glass beads, hooks, &c., made them bear, insensibly, with his presence. During the first four years he struggled with various difficulties, not the least of which was his being unable to name or signify any thing to them, save by signs; for he had no interpreter, and the savages were profoundly ignorant. A situation more depressing can hardly be conceived, for he was obliged to visit on foot the various villages, which were far apart; sometimes through fens lying almost under water, at other times through tracts scorched with heat. The savages waited for him, armed with bows and arrows, and more than once his kind and affectionate demeanor saved his life. Eloquence was quite at fault here, so was argument and reasoning; the tongue of poor Bareze must have sometimes clung to the roof of his mouth, with his longings to give utterance to his feelings. He preached, prayed, and exhorted, all by signs, which was indeed a novel mode of conversion. In the wet season, damp and agueish was his wretched home, and the wild inclement air came in at the door; window or chimney there was none:

no corn was grown, no vine or fig-tree known, in the dreary region; nor was there bread or wine for the sacrifice of the mass, of which, as yet, there were no converts sufficiently ripe to partake. His bed of mats was hung to stakes, that he might not be overflowed in the night, or bitten by the vipers; and his crucifix was placed in one corner of the hut, in a recess of the wall, where it reposed in lonely dignity. A quartan ague, with which he had been afflicted ever since his coming into the country, at last brought him so low, that he resolved to return to Santa Cruz, where he was soon restored to his former strength. Even amidst the comforts of Santa Cruz, his Indians were ever present to his mind, and he reflected continually what method he should employ to civilize them. He was not of Montaigne's opinion, "that the nations in question seem barbarous only because their minds are faintly fashioned, and they still preserve their native simplicity." Soon after his recovery, he sent for some weavers' tools, and learned, at Santa Cruz, to make linen cloth, in order to teach this art to some Indians, who might weave cotton garments, to cover such as should be admitted to baptism, for these heathens went almost entirely naked. The governor, thinking this a proper opportunity for converting the Chiriguanes, requested Cyprian to visit them. These people live scattered up and down the country, and are divided into hamlets, like the Moxos. He consented with reluctance, and spent some time in acquiring their language, so that in a few months he learnt enough to make himself imperfectly understood, and to begin his instructions. "But the unworthy manner in which they received the blessed word he preached to them, obliged him to abandon this corrupt people. He returned to the Moxos, who, compared to the Chiriguanes, seemed much nearer to the kingdom of heaven." And now he found them more governable than before, and by degress he won entirely their confidence. Six hundred of them assembled to live under his direction, so that, after eight years, he began to reap the fruits of his toil. He had some inveterate errors to combat: some of the people worshipped the sun, moon, and stars; others paid adoration to rivers; and many worshipped an invisible tiger. They retired into the forests, where they had often hunted the real animal, and imagined, as the night came on, that they heard his rushing, and saw the dim form of the noble apparition, who, in his spiritualized state, is in possession of great powers, but not to injure or destroy. The Moxos, who were capable of framing so beautiful a fancy, could hardly be a grossly stupid people; in their combats with the leopard, the bear, and the tiger, they were often animated by the belief that the visionary and majestic tiger was near, or would surely come to their aid. Their enchanters enjoy but little honor or virtue, till after they have been wounded in the chase by a tiger, and then escaped; this being a sign that they are favored by the invisible king of the forest, who protected them from the attacks of the living animal with whom they fought. Bareze did not assail so harmless a belief, but he assailed with all his power the dominion of the priests. At certain seasons, and especially when the moon was at the full, they assembled the people on a hill; towards which, at the first gleam of dawn, all the people walk hastily, and, on reaching the summit, break suddenly into the most frightful cries; they spend the whole day fasting; and, what with their antics and shrieks, they look from a distance like a company of spectres at their infernal revels. Cyprian might be seen, towards evening, setting out alone for the hill, for then the cere-

monies began. The priests cut off their hair, and cover their bodies with yellow and red feathers; then large vases are brought, in which they pour an intoxicating liquor, prepared for the occasion. They quaff immoderately of this, and give it to the people, who all get drunk together. One of them begins a song, when, forming a large circle, they all dance to a sort of cadence. The more extravagant and ridiculous a person is on this occasion, the more religious he is thought to be. Some are painted with various colors, others cover their heads and arms with the feathers of birds, in a tasteful manner. This mountain dance at break of day, and carouse at night, were more agreeable to the Moxos than the repeating Ave Marias or Pater-nosters; and years passed ere they would give them up. The priests—"these ministers of Satan," as they are termed—opposed the stranger with all their might, and laughed at his crucifix, and the little picture of our lady of Loretto, whose auspicious name he now gave to this mission. Cyprian, stanch to his purpose, pursued his plans with a slow and sure industry. Some of the women had learned to spin, and make linen cloth; instead of going about half naked, many of them were decently attired in their own manufacture; the black paint was washed from one cheek, and the red from the other; the heavy ornaments were removed from the nose; the men parted with the teeth of those they had murdered, which they once wore about their necks. An ancient usage, very rare among savage tribes, was in esteem with the Moxos; the husband is obliged to follow his wife, whithersoever she thinks proper to go and reside. As the Moxian ladies were sometimes of a curious and wandering turn, this custom was apt to cause a sad unfixedness in Cyprian's settlement: whole families were suddenly missing; and, on inquiry, the wife had taken it into her head to go to some distant village, or more attractive locality on the mountain or plain. Five years more were spent by him in cultivating and increasing this Christian settlement, which at last consisted of above two thousand converts. At this time a few missionaries came very seasonably to his aid. He immediately left to his brethren the care of his flock, and set out in quest of other tribes. He first fixed his abode in a distant region, whose people seemed lost to all sensations of humanity or religion; they were spread over the whole country, and inhabited a numberless multitude of huts, at a distance one from the other. This distance, and the little correspondence in which those families lived, had the singular effect of producing an aversion so strong, a hatred so bitter, that every attempt was long in vain towards their reconciliation. Unlike the people of the eastern deserts, who, though strangers, meet in the waste as friends and brothers—far as the eye could reach, the vast plain was studded, at intervals, with the lonely homes of this tribe of Moxians: each man seemed to live apart, with a wall of brass around him, in the sullen and selfish luxury of estrangement and jealousy. Such a temper was more hard to overcome than the thirst of blood; but the victories of Cyprian were ever of slow and patient growth; he resided in the hut of one, then of another of the Indians, and by degrees visited all the huts on the plain. With much charity, and no small ingenuity, he managed to make his way; and, when he could speak the language, he ingratiated himself into their favor, "less by the force of argument, of which they are incapable, than by the air of kindness wherewith he enforced all his discourses." He would seat himself on the ground to converse with them, and would imitate all their motions, and even the most ri-

diculous gestures, by which they express their various affections. He would sleep in the midst of them, though half bitten to death by the stings of the muskitoes, and stifled by the clouds of smoke. "Though these heathens eat in so distasteful a manner, he yet always took his meals with them; finally, he made himself a barbarian with these barbarians, the easier to lead them into the paths of salvation." The slight acquaintance he had acquired of physic and surgery, was another expedient to gain the esteem of the people. When any of them fell sick he prepared their medicines, dressed their wounds, and cleaned their huts. The country being fruitful in remedies for diseases, and herbs of various virtues, the missionary made good use of them; and out of some simples, with the bark of certain trees, he composed an antidote against the bite of serpents. Upon the mountains were vast quantities of ebony and guaiacum, with wild cinnamon, and a bark, of which a decoction was excellent for the stomach. Several of the trees distilled gums and aromatic spices; and among them was the famous tree which produces the Jesuit's bark.

In less than a year the door of every home was open to him, and his approach was hailed by husband, wife, and children, on whom he had conferred little benefits, of medicines, knives, needles, &c., while he had tended the sick, and sympathized with the wretched; yet, when he made his way over the plain at evening, to the various cottages, as the men were returning from hunting and fishing, hope itself could hardly have anticipated that here would be his most flourishing settlement. Each family was its own little world; in summer they sat without, beneath the palm and cypress trees, while the smoke of a thousand cabins might be distinctly seen rising into the air, in the stillness of the vast plain. The elders rarely engaged in council, or the young men in feats of strength; yet, when attacked by any other nation, they all gathered to battle, and fought bravely, using poisoned darts and arrows.

Cyprian had forsaken friends, comforts, and many advantages in Lima: the capital of Chili had been to him as a second birth-place; and by zeal in his profession, application to learning, and an engaging carriage, he had risen into some estimation. His confession chair was frequented by numbers of people of both sexes, and he exercised that office in several families of wealth and distinction. When he crouched in the squalid hut of the Moxians, as they bent in sullen apathy over the embers of their fire, and the winter blast shot through the frame and spirit, did he not remember Lima? Home, though it be but a cell, may be as exquisite to the ecclesiastic, as the breezy cottage to the prosperous peasant, or the feudal castle to the noble. Did not his hand there plant the flowers, and watch over them? In the shadows of those aged trees, beside the fountain in the garden, how often had he sat at sun-rise and noon-day, in beloved reverie, till every fall of the waters, and murmur of the branches, seemed like a fresh well of thought and imagination!

Luxury, taste, with even nature's loveliness, endear places to recollection far less than the indelible associations of past years. The walls of his cell witnessed his prayers, his tears, and the hopes and struggles of his soul, till it was devoted wholly to God. The few favourite pictures, by a Spanish artist, the little oratory, the chosen volumes; the knock at the door, when night fell, of some intimate; all these were gone for ever; his mission was to expire only with his life.

He accustomed the people to meet together, at first with cold looks and

reluctant words; but he was now too useful and reverenced a man to be disregarded. They at last complied with his desires. At the end of a year he got together above two thousand of them, and formed a large town, which he called the Blessed Trinity. An ascetic himself, he would gladly have imbued the Moxos with a total disregard of animal pleasures, of which that of drinking to excess was the favourite. They had the secret of making a very potent liquor by the infusion of certain roots, which was drunk at their festivals in honor of their gods. They met, to the sound of certain instruments, under arbors formed of boughs entwined, where they danced all day long. The community of the Trinity were luckily unused to these rendezvous: in the walls of his own hut, the savage had known no charm in the solitary cup; and Cyprian found the manners of this singular tribe more pure, and their minds more easy of instruction, than those of the other nations. The facility with which Cyprain assumed a new character was highly characteristic.—From the suppliant and reconciler, he started up into the ruler, and even judge; he established a form of government, and selected the most remarkable among the people for wisdom and valor, and these he appointed captains, heads of families, consuls, and other ministers of justice, to govern the rest of the community. The men, who before had refused subjection of every kind, willingly obeyed the new authorities, and submitted to the severest punishment inflicted on them for their faults.

The dignity of consul probably sat oddly upon these reclaimed savages; and the hall of the tribunal, a rude structure, capable of containing a large audience, must have been worthy of an artist's pencil. There was some risk also of former feuds and hatreds being visited on the culprit by a vindictive judge; but Cyprian, who possessed a strong and practical mind, was present everywhere, in the full exercise of his sovereign powers, to imprison and, perhaps, decapitate the body, as well as excommunicate the soul. He spent the greater part of his time in instruction in the Christian faith. In this he was very successful, for "the perspicuity with which he unfolded the most abstruse articles and mysteries of our religion, soon enabled them to be regenerated by the waters of baptism."

The people who cherished the phantasy of the tutelary tiger, and of the angry spirits of the air, would probably love the pleasant dreams of the saints and relics, and the intercession of the dead. Beautiful and welcome, to the feelings of the young Moxian women, were the attributes of the Queen of Heaven, under whose care they believed themselves to be. There was a kind of bees in the country whose wax was white as snow, and of this they always made the candles for the altar of the Virgin.

They loved to sing the hymns in her praise. Their piety towards this Mother of Mercies was so well established, that they never failed to come to the sacraments, on every celebration of one of her festivals. A few of the young women chose for their sacrifice, the fête of the Annunciation; and the moment when the Communion was given, they pronounced, with great fervor, the vow which they made of perpetual virginity. They afterwards addressed themselves to the Being to whom "they had so tender a devotion, to pray her to present to her adorable Son, that which they had first offered to herself; after which they passed several hours at the foot of the altar, in great tranquility of spirit."

The feeling of dependence on her

protection is touchingly expressed in the lines from the Portuguese hymn to the Virgin Mary as the Star of the Sea.

Star of the wide and pathless sea,
Who lov'st on mariners to shine,
These votive garments wet, to thee
We hang within thy holy shrine;
When o'er us flashed the surging brine,
Amid the warring waters tost,
We called no other name but thine,
And hoped, when other hope was lost.

Star of the vast and howling main!
When dark and lone is all the sky,
And mountain waves o'er ocean's plain
Erect their stormy heads on high:
When Virgins for their true loves sigh,
They raise their weeping eyes to thee;
The Star of Ocean heeds their cry,
And saves the found'ring bark at sea.

Star of the deep! at that blest name,
The waves sleep silent round the keel,
The tempests wild their fury tame,
That made the deep's foundations reel;
While soft the chorus of the sky,
Their hymns of tender mercy sing,
And angel voices name on high,
The Mother of the heavenly king.

One writer compares the zealous missonary to Orpheus, who brought men out of forests and caves in the rocks by the charms of his music and eloquence, and forced them to give over their murders and atrocious habits of life. He was very sensible of the importance of the arts, among which the melody of song had as yet no place, although a Moxian choir was ere long to be formed, and even pictures to be daubed by unchastened hands. In the mean time, ploughmen, carpenters, weavers arose, and the mechanical arts began to flourish.

But as all arts, useful as well as tasteful, must yield to the daily cravings of appetite, the circumstance to which Cyprian chiefly attended was, how to procure the necessary food for this people, whose number increased daily. He justly feared that the new converts would absent themselves from the colony, to seek for provision on the adjacent mountains, and would insensibly forget the religious principles he had so carefully instilled into them. Moreover, he considered that the missonaries who might hereafter labor in this wide-extended vineyard, would probably not be endued with strength equal to their zeal; and that many of them would sink under the burden of their toil, in case they fed on nothing but insipid roots. In this view, he endeavored to stock the country with cattle. He resolved to go in person to obtain them, though the distance was great and the ways were toilsome. He set out for Santa Cruz de la Sierra, where he got together two hundred of these animals; and obtaining the aid of some Indians, he climbed mountains and crossed rivers, always driving before him this numerous herd, which endeavored every moment to return to the place whence it came. He was soon abandoned by most of his followers, whose strength and courage failed them; and left almost to himself, he assembled his herd at night in the best pasture of this wild region, and, lighting his fire, sought a few hours' repose, which was frequently broken by the necessity of watching the fire, on which his safety depended, for its glare kept the wild beasts at a distance. The roar of the tiger was sometimes awfully near, and the terrified cattle hurried confusedly towards the fire for protection, and some fled wildly through the forest, where they became a speedy prey. More than once the wild beasts, lured by the sight and smell so unusual in this mountain region, advanced boldly, and fastened on the cattle, even in their leader's sight. Sometimes, also, he missed his way, and wandered about, not knowing whither, and found his path crossed by a torrent or a ravine. Such a task would have probed to the quick the temper of a saint; the tuition of the most

stupid Moxos in the whole country was not half so bitter. When the rain fell, he was up to his knees in mud; by day, exposed to the arrows of the barbarians who infest parts of these mountains; and by night, when he was too weary to kindle a fire, and sought rest in a tree, he was nearly devoured by the flying bugs and the muskitoes. The most profound stillness reigned throughout these solitudes, save when it was suddenly broken by the wild cry of a savage, or the shriek of the vulture and other birds of prey, who hung upon the march, and banqueted upon some unfortunate beast who had fallen through hunger or exhaustion. "It was a marvel he was not murdered, or devoured by wild beasts; but, without being disheartened, he continued to drive the herd before him. He was tormented day and night with clouds of poisonous gnats." The voices of his dear Moxos would here have been melody; and, extreme as were the annoyances of the way, they were increased tenfold when one of the storms, so common in this lofty region, came on; the flock and the shepherd were then literally floundering, breast-deep, in the overflow of waters, and what with the crushing of the trees beneath the hurricane, the rushing of torrents that had freshly fallen, the howling of wild beasts as night approached, and the bellowing of the oxen, the position of Cyprian was not a very Orphean one.

After a journey of fifty-four days, he arrived at his settlement, with part of the herd brought by him from Santa Cruz, in indifferent condition. Yet his object was fully accomplished; the small herd multiplied so fast in a few years, that many of the other settlements were hence supplied with cattle. After having thus provided for the bodily wants of his converts, and given proofs of skill both as legislator and teacher, Cyprian thought it was high time to build a temple; "it being a great trouble to him to see the holy mysteries solemnized in a mean hut, which had nothing of a church except the name." But to execute this design, he was forced to put his hand to the work, for the Moxos knew as much about raising a church as how to lift an anthem. He forthwith began to teach them the rudiments of architecture; the design, as well as execution, was exceedingly primitive. He appears to have been sometimes so much at a loss how to get on, that it must have been a tower-of-babel scene in miniature; what with the confusion of tongues, the number and awkwardness of the workmen, the running to and fro, "being without any of the tools and instruments necessary for the building such edifices, and having no other architect like himself to preside over the whole!" Some he ordered to fell the timber, some he taught to burn the earth and make bricks, while others made mortar. At last, after having employed some months at this building, he had the consolation to see it finished. And now the Moxos, men, women, and children, were lost in admiration at the work of their own hands; the first temple, and the first house that they or their forefathers to the remotest generation, had ever seen or heard of. The women, in the neat garments, which their fingers had woven, looked clean and comely, while the fierce and vacant countenances of the men were refined into thoughtfulness, and subdued into humility. Their poisoned arrows and darts, hitherto always worn, were replaced by chaplets of beads, crucifixes, &c., and their wild voices were attuned to softer sounds; and as many of them sang, in full chant, the canticle, *Gloria in excelsis*, Cyprian could not restrain his tears.

"What an extraordinary religion

must that be," observes Chateaubriand, "which unites, when it pleases, all the political to all the moral energies, and creates governments as excellent as those of Minos and Lycurgus; gliding into the heart of the forests, the Christian religion revived in the new world all the wonders of the ancient systems of legislation. The wandering tribes of the savages became fixed, and at the word of God an evangelical republic sprang up in the wildest of deserts." These lines of the eloquent author, although too august for the occasion, are not without truth—yet Cyprian would scarcely have claimed such a eulogium for his infant state. His own description is unassuming, and full of feeling, without the slightest assumption of glory to himself. A great moral and spiritual change had been accomplished; the barbarous and sullen Moxians, who were before little raised above the beasts of the field, were made useful members of society, in amity with each other, peaceful in their families, and obedient to the laws. The Peruvian savage was converted into a nobler being. When, on the festival days, they marched in slow and martial procession, garlands of flowers in their hands, with which to deck the altars, their heads bowed gently, their hands folded, while their voices joined in a full chorus, that could be heard afar off on the plain, the missionary's eye flashed with joy, and the tide of life gushed warmer round his heart.—Twenty years were gone, but they left no sting of wasted hours behind; they had not passed as a dream, as a vapour, as a wave rushing by, and all is still,—but they carried up on high an eternal testimony, and left on earth a voice, a sleepless voice, that should be heard in the wilderness by after generations. Even eighty years afterwards, when the only memorial of Cyprian was the cross that stood on his bloody grave in the forest, his three settlements were among the most flourishing in South America. Loretto, St. Xavier, and the Trinity were, to the heathen tribes around, like watch-towers on a troubled sea, to which the lost and miserable resorted: many came to dwell; others to receive instruction and baptism, and return to their homes.

"My drink is water," says the earnest missionary; "but the consolations with which Providence indulges me compensate for every defect, either as to delicacy or conveniency. I have not passed one unhappy day since my coming into this painful mission; and it is certain that the idea which I had formed to myself of it, when I solicited to be sent into this country, was much more uneasy to me, than the experience of what I have to suffer has been painful. I here enjoy sweeter sleeps, on the bare ground and in the open air, than I ever was blessed with when lying on the softest beds of Europe. So true it is, that fancied evils torment us much more than real ones. Great numbers of the natives flock daily to us, in order to be instructed in the Christian religion, and to be baptized."

A beautiful exemplification of a true Jesuit!

# HORÆ VAGABUNDÆ—OR, HOURS OF TRAVEL.

BY THE REV. CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D.D.

## KILLEAGH.

Away to Killeagh. The Parish Priest, the Reverend Maurice Power, invites me to visit him; and most cheerfully do I accept of an invitation, which will enable me to enjoy not only his society, but likewise an extensive excursion through the interior of the country. Killeagh is about nine miles from Middleton. The coach starts several times during the day, from Cork, and continues on as far as the town of Youghal. My seat is taken. I await in the office for the moment of departure. It is eight o'clock in the morning; there are no inside passengers, but myself. The horses are harnessed. We start in full gallop—and are off for Killeagh. The drive as far as Middleton, I have already described. We pass that place, over miles and miles of rich and highly cultivated lands, all belonging to one absentee landlord, the Duke of Devonshire, of whom I may have an occasion of speaking more particularly hereafter.

There is nothing particularly remarkable, as far as I could perceive, on this route. The fields were rich with fragrance and fertility, and in some parts, very thick plantations of ancient trees shade the road. These trees were black and alive with crows. Such infinite numbers are nowhere to be seen except in Ireland. They fly, at times, in such dense crowds, that they darken the air: and the fields have frequently appeared to me, as I travelled by, covered with these croaking birds, whose black, glossy plumage, glistens in the sun-beam beneath which they bask themselves all day, and whose hoarse cawings deafen the traveller as he passes on. Importunate and incorrigible creatures! you still continue as noisy as before the metamorphis which changed you from white to black. Had you been quiet, or chattered less, this punishment would not have befallen you. A warning to the human race; especially to loquacious editors!

Albus erat quondam, volucris Phœbeia, corvus
Nunc importunæ prœmia vocis habet.
OVID.

The black crow, bird of Phœbus, once was white;
But, for its chattering, is now punished right.

We are in the town of Killeagh. A small place, much smaller than Middleton, and not nearly as well built or as good looking. The hotel, at which I stopped for a few minutes, when quitting the coach, is any thing but comfortable in its appearance: very different, indeed, from most of the hotels in the villages of this country, which, in general, are far superior to our own in the remote parts of the United States. I said that I remained but a few minutes here; for the Rev. gentleman at whose invitation I came hither, presented himself at the hotel, and conducted me to his dwelling. The largest and finest house in the town belongs to him: he is among the people as a father and an umpire, and his residence is, as it were, a landmark, conspicuous to all, sacred in their estimation, and proverbially known to the whole district for several miles around.

Under the roof of the Reverend Mr. Power (the cousin of the Vicar-General of this diocese) I found myself greeted with a hearty welcome. "You come from a populous city," he observed, "and from a republic where every luxury can be found. You are now in a quiet and secluded village, surrounded by a population poor and oppressed; but we give you, as a priest and an American, a thousand welcomes, and as much comfort as my house can afford."

More I could not ask or desire, for there was nothing wanting to make me happy, and at home. And the hours I spent in his society shall be prized to the end, and cherished as the most agreeable in my whole journey: for he was my companion and guide through a great deal of the interior and mountainous part of the country, pointing out and elucidating from history and tradition the places most remarkable and curious; and beguiling the length and roughness of the journey, by his friendly manner and interesting conversation.

Day was now expiring on the hills, and, in the gorgeous twilight, the leaves of the trees seemed gilded with the farewell tint of the most glorious sun. Evening closed around—and a perfect silence reigned over the premises of the Parish-House, when was heard approaching the gate the noise of a carriage. It stops. There is a knock at the door—and lo! another friend arrives—the gay and accomplished Justice of the Peace—M—— P——. He did not come unexpected. How delightful was the meeting with an old acquaintance who had known me years ago in the United States—and though we had met frequently before in Cove and Cork, still his presence now in the recesses of this parish, afar from any populous city, added infinite zest to the pleasures of the evening. Really, without any affectation, I might exclaim in truth:—

O qui complexus, et gaudia quanta fuerunt!
HOR. EP.

The long evening was spent in conversing on topics connected with the two countries most dear to us—America and Ireland. And our common aspiration was—and mine shall ever be—that there may be cherished, throughout all time, a mutual, a tender sympathy by each. The former—the modern cradle of liberty and right; the latter—yearning for both, and sending over the deep, legions of spirits ready to stand arrayed against the battle-storm when it threatens to burst upon our land. AMERICA and IRELAND! may they grasp each others' hands with desperate affection, to make common cause, in the hour of need, against injustice and tyranny!

The night was now advancing: and having performed the duties of Prayer and the Breviary, we retired to rest, amid the quiet solitude of this village dwelling.

The morning is up. The peasants' carts are rattling on the hard roads, and the sunbeams, as if to cheer me with the tidings of another beauteous day, are playing through the window. An early stroll in the country, in pleasant weather, is always agreeable and bracing; but never more so to me, than on this delicious morn, when arm-in-arm with my companion, M—— P——, I wandered into the well-trimmed verdant lawns of a neighboring demesne, along fresh hedges, and up sloping hills, sprinkled with cattle and dew, until the bright waters of the bay of Youghal, like a silvery sheet, expanded in the distance, and threw a lovely variety over the scene. On those waters my eye rested with congenial delight. For, to me the view of water always presents a charm, which nothing else, no matter how elegant, can supply. For this it were difficult, as it is useless, to attempt to account. Perhaps it may be attributed to the circum-

stance of my having been born on the banks of the magnificent CHESAPEAKE BAY.

On our return to the Parish-House, we found the carriage of the Reverend Mr. Power all ready—with two fine strong horses, which were harnessed with the view of commencing an interesting journey, to which I now beg leave to invite the company of my reader. But first let us sit down to breakfast, a repast which, eaten with a keen appetite, is soon over.

### JOURNEY THROUGH THE COUNTRY.

We took our places in as comfortable a vehicle as any Parish-Priest can boast of, and bade adieu to Killeagh. As we proceeded, the Reverend gentleman requested that we should throw our eyes around as far as the view could be discerned. "All this extensive region," he assured us, —"all those distant hills and far-stretching plains are within the limits of my parish. And it is a pleasant thought for me, and it will be no ordinary fact for you to remark, that in the whole range, there is not an individual, with one single, solitary exception, that is not of my flock; and that individual is married to a Catholic, and never attends the Protestant church."

"And still," I remarked, "you have to pay tithes."

"Yes, and to the last farthing," he emphatically replied. "The sweat of the poor Catholic is poured out to contribute to the compulsory support of a minister, who is without a single disciple."

A most cruel and unjust system, this of tithes—methought. How it is possible for the English government to enforce it in Ireland, and especially in such a parish, I cannot see: but how the people submit to it, is an anomaly which may, of course, be accounted for, but which an American traveller cannot understand.—And yet the patient submission of a people so proverbially bold and fearless when excited—and never more so than when religion is concerned—speaks eloquently in their favor: because they are told by those whom they most venerate, to suffer persecution for justice sake, and they will be blessed.

Nevertheless my feelings prompt me to venture the expression of an opinion, that this system should be broken up. The Liberator, I am aware, has modified it—but did he go far enough? If he did, considering all circumstances, at a former period, should there not now be something more effected to relieve the people of a burden as galling as it is odious and unjust? Let the Irish Catholics get rid of this, and the poor peasant and oppressed tenant will find themselves in comparative comfort and independence; and the idle minister of a religion foreign to this hallowed soil, uncongenial to the souls of the progeny of saintly ancestors, will cease to luxuriate on the hard earnings and scanty produce of a people, with whom he has no sympathy.

### PROTESTANT CHURCHES.

Lonely and forsaken, in the midst, however, of a rich glebe, stand these edifices, with their minaret-like spires piercing the air—things of state, monuments of compulsion—each a kind of *triste bidental*, from which the Catholic peasant turns as from a mosque, but to the support of which he is, nevertheless, obliged to contribute, as if he were a worshipper within its walls. As I passed a small neglected temple of this description, in the parish through which we are now travelling, the injustice of the government of England, its extortion, its persecuting violence, never more clearly evinced themselves to my indignant heart. There it stood, solitary and

unfrequented. The parson having no congregation, not even a clerk to respond to, and attend upon, the service! The doors look as though they were never unlocked, and yet, according to law, they must be thrown open every Sunday: and the minister must make his appearance within, in order not to lose the tithes. This is the manner in which the "most civilized nation of Europe" has, during three centuries, labored to chain the consciences of her Irish subjects. True and loyal subjects in peace, brave and devoted soldiers in war, they are ground to the earth by a code of laws that seem to have been enacted not only without any regard for their dearest of all convictions—and which alone would be a guaranty of their fidelity and valor under all circumstances—but with the positive view of opposing and despising them: holding out bribes in order to seduce them from them, and—but of very late—planting the gibbet for their execution on that very spot, which they would have been the foremost, as they always proved themselves to be, in defending with the effusion of their sweat and blood.

Here, in that grim-looking church, looming up like an object of terror to the peasant's regard—here, I repeat, is the spring and cause of all the misery of Ireland.

"Hinc illæ lacrymæ."

Here rises a pile in stern oppugnance to the altars of their Faith. It is raised for the purpose of condemning their worship as erroneous, and their sacrifice as idolatrous—the worship and sacrifice introduced into these realms by olden saints, and practised and adored from the earliest times of Christianity down to the present. The symbol of Faith and Redemption is not seen on its steeple—a weather-cock, fit emblem of the creed taught within its walls—veers, with every fitful breeze, on its summit. And this in a region of country densely populated; but of the dense population, we have before remarked, scarce an individual to be found who does not adhere, with primitive rigor and tenacious fidelity, to the religion of his ancestors—and Saint Patrick. The pertinacity with which England persisted in forcing her new religion into Ireland, is admirably painted forth by Ward, in his Cantos: "She," he exclaims, in his own peculiar and Hudibrastic vein,—

"Bethought herself, not far off lay
An Island in the Western Sea,
Stored with good eatables great plenty,
Cheese, butter, eggs, a penny twenty:
Curds, cream, and heated Barnaclaber
Would make a hungry Parson caper.
This, by deep skill in politics,
She found would feed her Canonics;
For yet, though so great plenty there,
No Parson was, or common prayer.
Therefore bids Cecil edicts write
To *Ireland* (to that Island bright,)
That they should quit, through all the region,
Their ancient Faith, for new religion.
And in their Churches entertain
Her Common Prayer, and clergymen.
She also sends out her command
To every Parson in the land
That wanted living, and lay idle,
To get a prayer book and the Bible,
Aud make them ready out of hand,
For mission in a foreign land.

Full glad they were to hear of work
And that their province in the kirk,
Was to convert an unknown land
That not a word could understand,
Nor knew the language of their prayers
Or preaching, more than they did theirs.
(For miracles do not belong
To Protestants, or gift of tongue.)
However, this they heeded not,
But every man his Bible got,
And Common Prayer, to read them o'er
In English, on the *Irish* shore."

FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

# NOTES OF A TRAVELLER.

I DEPARTED from Portland, in the steamer "Bangor," and proceeded down the Casco Bay about ten miles, when the church spires of the beautiful metropolis faded from our sight. On leaving the bay, with its thousand enchanting isles, I promenaded the deck and enjoyed a scene of inexpressible grandeur. The heaving billows of the Atlantic were spread around us, and the White Mountains of New Hampshire raised their snowy peaks, and marked the obscure horizon in the distance with a range of pale clouds. After a voyage of ten hours along the coast of Maine, we reached the mouth of Penobscot Bay, which is sixty miles in length and fifteen in width. This bay is filled with rocky islands and dangerous channels for navigators. We passed Owls-Head lighthouse, and entered the Penobscot river.—Penobscot is an Indian name signifying "River of Rocks"—and as we ascended the river as far as Bangor, we found the aboriginal appellation not only truly applicable to the craggy shores of this crooked stream, but also applicable to many sections of the stony region of the surrounding country. Before our arrival at Bangor, we met countless floating rafts of lumber, shingles, logs, &c., destined for Bucksport, a town of considerable trade, at the mouth of the Penobscot river. The lumbermen of Maine are a hardy and athletic race, constantly employed in clearing the forest during the coldest wintry weather. The city of Bangor is pleasantly situated in a hilly portion of the country, nearly one hundred miles from the Atlantic coast, and at the head of navigation, and takes its name from an old town in Wales. The squares, streets, and side-walks bear evidence that it is a city of lumber, for planks and boards are strewn beneath the feet of every pedestrian, and monuments of timber are erected upon every square.—Bangor contains upwards of eight thousand inhabitants. The citizens are kind and courteous towards strangers, and evince every disposition to render their sojourn agreeable. I departed in the railroad car for the Indian settlement near Old Town, about twelve miles above Bangor, for the purpose of spending a day with a remnant of the Penobscot tribe of Indians. On approaching the Indian ferryman, as he sat in his birch-bark canoe, I manifested a desire to cross over the river with him, by signs of friendship and tokens of good will, in order to see the village and the island. But all was vain. My gestures and demonstrations were of no avail. Idle visitors were not permitted to cross the hallowed waters without giving a Christian passport—and in an instant after I made a sign of the Cross upon my breast, he permitted me to take a seat in his fragile vessel, and with more dexterous skill than labor he he paddled us over the swift gliding stream. This Indian ferryman conducted me on the island as far as the clergyman's residence, where I found a good priest attending to his spiritual exercise of reading the Breviary. The reverend father received me cordially, and sent a young Indian messenger for the governor or chief of the tribe to come and have an inter-

view with me. In a few minutes, the venerable chief presented himself to us, and on learning that I was a "*friendly pale face*," he grasped both of my hands and embraced me in an affectionate manner. The Indian governor is a noble son of the woods, about six feet high, well made, and possesses a stern yet dignified countenance. The priest conducted me into the frame chapel, where, to my astonishment, I beheld a variety of paintings executed by an Indian artist. The most striking painting was that of the Crucifixion of our Saviour, on rough canvass, about ten feet long. The coloring of the drapery of Mary Magdalen, as she appeared weeping at the foot of the cross, was remarkably well executed; especially when the artist of the Penobscots was compelled to seek in the wilderness for roots and minerals to complete that glorious design of Christianity. The church is filled with pews, and contains a gallery for the Indian choir. A neat schoolroom is attached to the church, and I was delighted to find about fifty scholars, not only acquiring a perfect knowledge of the common rudiments of an English education, but also pursuing the study of the foreign languages. The zealous priest is the principal teacher of this promising school, where the children of nature dwell in peace and solitude in the midst of their aboriginal fathers, who, in olden time, believed—

"The groves were God's first temples: Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them; ere they framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems, in the darkling wood,
Amidst the cool and silence, they knelt down,
And offered to the Mightiest, solemn thanks
And supplication."

But now, having been made acquainted with Divine Revelation, through the ministry of zealous priests,—

"Beneath a rustic roof, amid the woods,
They bend their knees, and mingle in the praise
Of Him, who having with our race conversed,
Still takes delight in dwelling, though unseen,
Upon our holy altars: there they find
Truth, peace, and happiness—there meet in love—
A spectacle on which Heaven loves to smile."

The congregation of the Penobscots amounts to upwards of three hundred adults. Bishop Fenwick, of Boston, visits them annually, and they rejoice to behold their "Great Father on earth" appearing once a year in their wig-wams at Old Town. I returned to Bangor, and took a stage for Augusta and Hallowell.

# HYMNS OF THE ROMAN BREVIARY.

*Translated expressly for the Catholic Expositor.*

BY THE REV. CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D.D.

## FERIA SEXTA—AT LAUDS.

*Æterna Cœli gloria.*

I.

Eternal Glory of the Sky,
Hope of our race forlorn,
Son of the Mighty Thunderer on high,
And here, of an immaculate Virgin born;

II.

Oh! as we rise, thy aid extend;
And grant that every mind
Its clear and burning powers may ever blend,
In praise of God, for all his favors kind.

III.

Abroad the risen day-star shines,
Bright herald of the sun,
Before his face the shade of Night declines,
And beams a holy light our souls upon.

IV.

Long may it on our senses glow,
Dispel the world's dark night,
And keep, as long as time shall last below,
The consciences of all unsullied quite.

V.

And first may Faith, by all desired,
Strike root in every breast;
And next be every one by Hope inspired,
And of all Virtues, Charity, the best.

VI.

Glory to God the Father's name,
And Only Son, to thee:
And to the holy Paraclete the same,
Now, and for ever, through Eternity.

## SABBATO—AT MATINS.

*Summæ Parens clementiæ.*

I.

Father of mercy infinite,
Who rul'st this world's vast frame,
Thou triune God, in persons three,
In substance but the same;

II.

Turn on our hymns a gracious ear,
Our heart-felt grief receive,
That, for thee, with unsullied hearts,
For ever we may live.

III.

Inflame our loins, all morbid bile
With fire becoming burn;
That, girt with strength, our limbs may rise
And sloth and luxury spurn.

IV.

May all who break, in mingled hymns,
The silence of the night,
Receive, in their celestial home,
A guerdon rich and bright.

V.

This favor, heavenly Father, grant,
And thou, the Only Son;
And thou most holy Paraclete,
Who reignest three in One.

# THE VESTAL OF SARAGOSSA.

## A TALE OF THE MOORISH INVASION.

BY PROFESSOR INGRAHAM.

During the invasion of Spain by the Moors, the Moorish king, Mahommed Israel, was slain in the siege of Saragossa, and his son, Afael Ben Israel, took the command in his stead of the armies, as well as succeeded to the throne. This youthful prince had not attained his twenty-seventh year when this great responsibility of rank and position devolved upon him. He was, however, well worthy of the station to which his birth had elevated him. He was handsome in person, and of a singularly noble and commanding presence, and skilled in all knightly accomplishments, as well as in arts and learning. He was wise, discreet, and just; amiable and modest, as became his youth and dignity; and mild in his disposition. He was beloved by the army and his people, and his accession to the throne was hailed with joy.

This youthful prince and general, a few days before his father's death, had entered Saragossa in disguise, being perfectly familiar with the Spanish tongue. He discovered that the besieged were indomitable in their resolution to defend the city which had three times before successfully resisted the Moorish arms; and, having found the weakest and most accessible points of attacking it, he was about to pass through the gates again, which were opened, as they had been when he entered, to let in a party of soldiers returning from a sally, when he was stopped by the guards.

"Back, senor! We have orders to let no one pass but those in arms and under banners."

"Nay, good soldier, I may not stay from my friends. How will the dame and the little ones fare without me? I must be at home before the sun sets. Would you have me leave my fold to the Moorish wolf?"

"The Moors touch not the peasants and the country folks, else thy single arm were weak, if they would break into thy fold. There is a rumor that a spy has got into the city, and orders are strict."

"I will give thee gold."

"The gold in a peasant's leathern purse could not buy my head," answered the man, laughing.

"Could a knight's gold?" asked the prince, cautiously.

"Where it is heavy enough."

"See! here is good weight! ten pieces! Take it, and let me pass."

The soldier took it in his palm, and satisfying himself by the weight of it that it was true coin, thrust it into his wallet, and then presenting his spear at the prince's throat, cried—

"How now, fellow! How cam'st thou by so much princely coin?—Thou hast committed murder or pillage in the city, and would escape with bribing me with thy ill-gotten treasure."

"By Allah, no!" answered the prince, with incautious haste.

"And who taught thee the Moorish oath? By the Cross of Santiago, I believe thee to be the spy."

This was said in so loud a tone as to attract the attention of other soldiers, and a captain in the guard-house, who came forward. It was a critical moment. A moment's hesitation might be fatal to his liberty, and possibly to his life. The gates were closed, and he had no alternative but to seek temporary security in flight. Suddenly wresting the spear from the guard, he struck him to the earth, breaking the weapon in two with the blow. With the steel-pointed fragment in his grasp, he leaped across his body, and fled through a narrow street which ran along by the inner face of the walls. Young, athletic, light of foot, and free from the heavy armor which encumbered the soldiers, he soon left his pursuers far behind, while his levelled spear-head cleared from his path all who would have intercepted his progress. All at once the street ended at a high convent wall and turned to the left, up which he beheld a guard-house, with soldiers on duty. He hesitated an instant, when he discovered a small wicket gate in the wall. It was ajar, and some person was in the act of coming out. Obeying the impulse of self-preservation, he fled, closely pursued, towards it, and throwing it open, passed an elderly nun on the threshold. He thrust her forth, and turned the key in the door upon his pursuers. For a moment he paused to breathe, and to decide on effectually securing his escape. To the right he beheld a cloister; and to the left a flight of steps, that seemed to lead to a terrace overlooking the city wall. The latter direction offered the greatest possibility of escape, and he flew like the wind along the corridor and up the broad staircase. Here, however, he saw that it led only to a range of cells, or apartments for nuns; but at the extremity of the range was another staircase. Towards this he bent his rapid flight, and found himself, on reaching the top, in a large corridor, with a door at the extremity, conducting into a lighted chapel. He had hitherto encountered no one, though the fierce cries of "Infidel!" "Moor!" "Spy!" from those without, penetrated to his ears.

Entering the door of the chapel, he flew to secrete himself in the gloomy recesses of its altars, till night should favor his escape by giving him an opportunity of letting himself in some way down by the walls into the fosse. There was something in the solemn air of grandeur and religious repose which pervaded the interior of the temple, that impressed even the mind of a follower of Mohammed. He suspended his flight ere he reached the great altar, before which a single lamp, never extinguished, burned, a beautiful emblem of the never-dying light of truth. He advanced with a reverent step, and awe in his heart, searching for concealment. The sound of sudden commotion within the convent walls burst upon his ear. He quickens his step, when his eye rests upon a female kneeling before a shrine of the Virgin. The surpassing beauty of her side-face, which only he saw, the symmetry of her figure, the grace and devout adoration of her attitude, with her eyes upturned, and her hands folded upon her vesture, entranced him. His soul was touched with the power of beauty, and love was awakened in his heart.

"Here shall I find a protector, for such a form enshrines no persecuting spirit."

He approached her with a step which drew her attention. She started on beholding a man not in a monk's garb, and blushed when she discovered his youth. Before she could reflect, he knelt at her feet, his head uncovered.

"Will a Christian maiden give shelter to a Moorish youth?"

"An infidel!" and the alarmed vestal, for such her snowy robe bespoke her, crossed herself, and re-

treated from him upon a step of the shrine.

"Yes, maiden! I am an infidel. Curiosity led me in this disguise to enter your city. I am suspected, and being hotly pursued, have found shelter within these walls, sacred to your faith."

"I may not hold discourse with any man, much less one who confesses himself an unbeliever—an enemy of God, and my country's invader. Thou must abide the issue."

"Listen! They approach to drag me to death. Wilt thou not aid my escape, fair vestal?" asked the prince, with persuasive eloquence. "Thy prophet has said, 'if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink.'"

"I know not what to do! My rule forbids me to speak with thee. Yet mercy pleads for thee. Hark! —that cry of vengeance! Follow me!"

The prince could have pressed the hem of her robe to his lips, but she withdrew it from the infidel contagion with a shudder, and silently preceded him towards a door behind a shrine. Her heart was interested in him—for he was handsome and prepossessing, and his eyes were as eloquent as his tongue; and by maidens are often better understood. With a lighter heart at the prospect of leaving behind those who thirsted for his blood, and with love and gratitude towards his beautiful guide, he followed her. She led the way into a long narrow passage, at the extremity of which they descended a flight of stone steps into a gloomy cloister. She traversed this a short distance, and passed through an open door into a wide hall, which she rapidly crossed to a door on the opposite side. This she threw open, and to his joyful surprise, he found himself upon an open terrace, with the plains of Saragossa spread out before him, whitened with the tents of the Moorish army.

"Unbeliever," she said, pointing to the infidel camp, "there are thy friends! Make use of the cord thou seest attached to yonder staff for displaying the church's banner at festivals, and thou wilt easily escape. Remember when thy scimetar is lifted above the head of a Christian, that a Christian has risked her life to save thine. Go! May the spirit of Jesus turn your heart to the truth."

"Vestal of Christ, Allah be thy protector," said the prince, kneeling and laying his hand upon his heart. "The good deed thou hast done almost persuadest me to become a follower of the faith."

"Would to God thou would'st be fully persuaded, young sir, for thou art now in the path of darkness and error."

"I will think of thee with thy religion, and thereby shall both be dear to me."

"This is impiety. Fly!"

The memory of the exquisite beauty of the vestal was constantly present with the prince. At length he succeeded to the command of the army, and his accession put new life into the soldiers. He inspired them with his own spirit of conquest, and gave orders for a general assault upon the besieged city; for to his love for the vestal of Saragossa, he was not prepared to sacrifice glory and conquest. The attack was made at dawn; and, after a fiercely prolonged assault of nine hours, the city was carried at several points, and the Moors poured into the streets like an impetuous torrent broken into a hundred streams. Devastation, rapine, and death marked their conquering progress. The dwellings were pillaged, the women and children made captives, and the men slain. The monasteries and temples were sacked or converted into garrisons; but the monks were spared by the command of the prince, who also placed a guard around all the convents to protect the nuns from the rude soldiery.

The city being in full possession of the Moors, the prince took up his quarters in the governor's palace, and sending for the chief men among the prisoners, decided their fates. He then ordered the nuns to be brought before him, whom he disposed of among the chiefs of his army, except such as he chose to add to his own household. The vestals of the convent in which he had sought shelter were lastly brought before him, and among them appeared Gertrudis. She last of all was led before his throne to receive her doom. With downcast eyes she approached the foot-stool of the young conqueror. He addressed her. At the sound of his voice she started and looked up. He met her glance with a smile, as he saw her surprise in recognizing in him the unbeliever she had assisted to escape. At first, hope beamed in her face, but it was in the next instant followed by hopeless despair.

"Maiden," he said to her, "to thee I owe my life. In return I give thee thine and those of all thy sisterhood, and of the ministers of thy faith. Thou seest that thy good act has been returned to thee and thine, and that an infidel can do a generous act as well as a Christian."

"For this, gratitude is due to God," said the vestal, meekly.

"Be it so. Allah is great. What is thy name, sweet vestal?"

"Gertrudis Maria," replied the nun, timidly.

"I wish to reward thee, Gertrudis, for thy noble conduct in saving my life."

"I did but fulfil the injunctions of our holy faith."

"Nevertheless I desire to recompense thee. But I will give thee an audience less publicly."

The prince then led the way to his private room of audience, and she was conducted into his presence, almost sinking with alarm and apprehension of evil. His attendants retired, and she stood alone before him. He approached her, and taking her by the hand, confessed to her shrinking ears the passion which he entertained for her.

"Your majesty forgets that I am a vestal," she said, with dignity and firmness.

"I have divorced you by my sword from your cloisters; you are now a free maiden." And the prince warmly pressed his suit. "I will dismiss all my wives—you alone shall rule in my heart."

"Could I be thy bride and rule by thy side in thy kingdom, I could not wed thee, prince; I am betrothed to Heaven."

"Nay—but thou art in my power, lovely one! I owe thee gratitude, and therefore do I deign to sue thee, where I should command."

The vestal stood before him, pale and firm. There was an energy in the compressed lip, and elevated hope in her brilliant eye.

"I deeply feel the honor your majesty designs me," she said, quietly.

The prince looked delighted, for he believed she would change her determination.

"You are not, then, indifferent to my passion," he said. "Perhaps in a few days you will make me happy."

"As a proof of my appreciation of your condescension, I will communicate to your highness a secret to render the silken shawl you wear invulnerable to steel."

"Ah, by Allah! a great discovery! Divulge it, maiden, and thou shalt have any reward in my power to bestow," said the prince, with animation.

"Give me the vesture."

He removed the crimson vesture, and presented it to her. She took from her girdle the silver cruet of oil, worn by vestals of her order, and poured a few drops upon it.

"Now, prince, make the trial," she said, throwing the scarf across her breast.

"How?"

"With the javelin at your right hand."

"By Allah! you must have faith in it!" he exclaimed, with surprise.

"I have. Aim at my heart, and with a strong and steady hand launch the spear. You will see the result."

"I will do it! Mohammed! but it must be a charm if you are willing to risk it. Now, then!" cried the prince, seizing the spear.

The vestal clasped her hands together, raised her eyes, full of hope and faith, to heaven, and the javelin, leaving the deluded prince's hands, whizzed through the air, and penetrated deep into her heart.

She fell dead upon the floor of the chamber; and the prince felt, too late, that he had been deceived. He approached her, and leaning over, wept at the beautiful ruin his passion had caused, his heart profoundly touched by this pious act of heroic virtue.

"Alas!" he said, "what wicked crime have I been guilty of! This lovely vestal, rather than sacrifice her honor, has given up life. Truly that is a true and heavenly religion which numbers among its votaries such spirits as hers. Henceforth, for her sake, I will respect the faith she has so nobly honored, and believe Christianity, equally with Islamism, based upon the immutable laws of truth."

History informs us that the Prince Afael Ben Israel throughout his reign was a firm friend to Christians, and it is believed by many that before his death he became secretly a convert to the Christian faith. The memory of Gertrudis Maria, the vestal of Saragossa, is still remembered in Spain, and interwoven in many a legend and ballad of the times of the Moorish Invasion.

## FATHERS AND WRITERS OF THE CHURCH.

ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED BY THE REV. CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D.D.

FROM *A* TO *E*.

ADO St., born in Gatenois, towards the year 800, was educated in the Monastery of *Ferriere*, and afterwards made Abbot of Prume, in the Diocess of Treves. Thence he went to Rome, afterwards to Ravenna, finally to Lyons. In 859, he was chosen and consecrated Archbishop of Vienne. He died towards the year 875. His principal works are a *Martyrologium*, and a *Chronicon*, from the beginning of the world to the year of his death.

ÆNEAS SYLVIUS, an Italian, born in the territory of Sienna, anno 1405, elected Pope on the 19th of August, 1458, under the style of Pius II.; and died on the 14th of August, 1464. He is quoted generally as *Æneas Sylvius.*

ALBERTUS MAGNUS, a German, of the order of St. Dominic, the Master

of St. Thomas, Bishop of Ratisbonne, died anno 1280. His works are contained in twenty-one folio volumes, printed at Lyons, in 1651.

ALCUIN, an Englishman, Deacon of York, called by Charlemagne into Gaul, in 790, where he flourished until 804, when he expired on Pentecost day, at Tours, in Tourraine.

ALEXANDER HALES, an Englishman, of the order of St. Francis, Master of St. Bonaventure; he wrote many works, of which the only one extant is a *Summa Theologica*. He died at Paris, in 1240.

AMBROSE St., born in 340, ordained Archbishop of Milan on the 7th of December, 374, and died in 379; having labored gloriously for the True Faith in opposition to the Arian heresy. Of the church he beautifully speaks, in his book *de Salamone*, chap. 4. "Etsi undarum fluctibus aut procellis sæpe vexatur, nunquam potest sustinere naufragium, quia in arbore ejus, id est Cruce, Christus erigitur, in puppi Pater residet gubernator, proram Paracletus servat spiritus." *Although she be often assailed by raging billows and menacing storms, never can she be wrecked: for, high on her mast (that is, the Cross) Christ is elevated, at her stern the Father presides as Pilot, and the Holy Paraclete takes care of her prow.*

AMBROSE, *Senenis*, a Dominican, born in 1220; after obtaining the Baccalaureate at Paris, he taught theology, with great applause, at Cologne, and died on the 20th of March, 1286.

ANASTASIUS St., Disciple of St. Maximus, an Abbot, who, having defended the Faith against the Monothelites, died in exile, anno 664.

ANASTASIUS APOCRISARIUS, suffered much in the same cause and near the same time.

ANASTASIUS BIBLIOTHECARIUS, a Roman Abbot, flourished in the ninth century. He assisted at the Eighth General Council, the fourth of Constantinople. He wrote also against the Monothelites.

ANDREW, of Crete, St., born at Damascus, a monk of Jerusalem, was sent by Theodore, Patriarch of Jerusalem, to the Sixth General Council, anno 680, where he strenuously opposed the Monothelites. He was afterwards made Archbishop of Crete, and died in 720. His festival is celebrated by the Greeks on the 4th of July. His Homilies are esteemed.

ANSELM St., born in 1033. He entered the order of St. Benedict, in the Monastery of Bec, in Normandy, about the year 1060: and was appointed successively Prior, Abbot of St. Stephen at Caen, and Archbishop of Canterbury in England. He died in 1109. His works are numerous and admirable.

ANTONINUS St., born at Florence, anno 1389; in his sixteenth year, he embraced the institute of St. Dominic, and was made Archbishop of Florence, in 1446. He died in 1459, and was ranked among the Saints by Adrian IV., in 1528. He wrote a *Summa Theologica, et Historica*, and other works.

ANTHONY St., born in 250, an Egyptian, the father of the anchoritic life. His life is eulogized by St. Athanasius: his zeal against the Arians and other enemies of the Faith was intense.

ANTHONY, of Padua, St., born at Lisbon, in 1195, embraced the institute of Canons regular, and afterwards the order of St. Francis, and died at Padua (whence he derives his cognomen) on the 13th of June, 1231. By his writings and sermons he converted many to the Faith.

AQUILA and THEODOTION, both Pagans by birth, and afterwards Jews, are celebrated on account of their translation of the Ancient Testament into Greek. The first commenced his in the year 150; the other in 180. That of Theodotion is the more accurate. To these I may add Sym-

machus, who from a Jew became a disciple of Ebion, and likewise made a Greek translation of the Old Testament, about the year 201.

Arnobius, an African Philosopher, who became a Christian, and wrote against the Pagans, anno 304.

Arnobius the younger, a Presbyter, flourished in the fifth century.

Athanasius St., the intrepid vindicator of the Faith, against the Arians and other heretics of his times, was present at the Council of Nice, with Alexander, Patriarch of Alexandria, whose Deacon he was. He himself was afterwards promoted to the Patriarchal Chair, in 326, and, after having confirmed the Catholic doctrine by his writings and sufferings, died on the 2d of May, in 373.

Athenagoras, an Athenian, and Christian Philosopher, composed an apology for the Christians, in Greek, towards the year 165.

Augustine St., born at Tagaste, anno 354, was converted in 387, made Presbyter in 391, Bishop in 395, and died in 431. He was adorned with transcendant genius and learning, an intrepid defender of the Faith, and an implacable opponent of the Manicheans, Arians, Donatists, Pelagians, and Semi-Pelagians, all of whom he confronted and confounded. His declaration in the treatise against the *Epistle of Manichæus*, deserves to be inscribed in letters of light: "Evangelio non crederem, nisi Ecclesiæ Catholicæ me moveret auctoritas." *I would not believe the Scriptures, were it not on the authority of the Catholic Church.*

Avitus (Alcimus Ecdicius) Archbishop of Vienna, renowned for the lustre of his birth, the holiness of his life, and the depth of his learning. He died in 523.

Barnabas St., of whom mention is made in the Acts of the Apostles, the companion of St. Paul, wrote an epistle, which is quoted by Clement of Alexandria and other ancient writers; and is now regarded by critics as genuine.

Basil St., (called the Great) was made Bishop in Cappadocia, in 370, and died in 378. All his writings which have come down to us, attest his lofty piety, profound knowledge, and consummate eloquence. In vindicating the orthodox faith his whole life was spent. He combatted the Eunomians, Sabellians, Arians, and other heretics, by whom he was condemned to suffer much.

Bede, (surnamed the Venerable,) an Englishman, was born in 672. In his seventh year he was placed under the care of the Benedictines, among whom he grew up and continued till his death, in 735. He left behind him a splendid reputation for learning and sanctity. Many of his writings are extant, of which the most conspicuous is the *Ecclesiastical History* of the English, from Julius Cæsar down to the year 731.

Benedict St., an Italian, born at Nursia, in the province of Umbria, about the year 480. He withdrew from Rome, where he studied, into the desert, in 494, and afterwards, in 528, to Monte Cassino, where he died in 543. He wrote the rules of monks, whose head and patriarch, in the West, he has always been considered.

Bernardinus St., styled of Sienna, a Franciscan, died in 1444; and was numbered among the Saints by Nicholas V., anno 1450. He was a preacher, "powerful in works and words."

Bernard St., first Abbot of Clairvaux, was born at *Fontaine*, in France, in 1090, and died in 1153, after having founded a hundred and sixty monasteries in various kingdoms and provinces. He was the ornament and light of his age, regarded by Popes, Bishops, Kings and Princes, as an oracle; and was the scourge of Abelard, Peter Brussius, and other heretics of his age.

Boëtius (Anicius Manlius Torqua-

tus Severinus) a noble and learned man, who, after having been Consul under Theodoric, King of Italy, was, by the command of that tyrant, thrown into prison and condemned to death, in 524. His work on the *Consolation of Philosophy*, is a masterpiece. It is divided into five books, and is written in a pure and excellent style. He wrote also a theological treatise against Eutyches and Nestorius; and another on the Trinity.

Bonaventure St., was born in Tuscany, anno 1221; entered the order of St. Francis in 1243, was made Doctor at Paris in 1255, General of the Order in 1256, and Bishop and Cardinal of Albano, in 1272. He was present at the Œcumenical Council of Lyons (the second), anno 1274; but soon after the first Session, he died on the 17th of July. By Sixtus IV., he was canonized, in 1482; and by Sixtus V., declared Doctor of the Church, in 1588. St. Bonaventure was pleasing to God and men by the sanctity and piety of his life. By Luther he is called *vir præstantissimus*—a most excellent man. His works, comprising eight volumes in folio, are recommended by Gerson as peculiarly fitted to enlighten the mind, and inflame the heart with piety.

Bruno St., a native of Cologne, and Canon of Rheims, founded the order of Carthusians, in the year 1048, and died in 1101. He was numbered among the Saints by Leo. X., anno 1514. Many works are attributed to him; but the only authentic ones are two letters written from the desert of Calabria: one exhorting Radulfus, the chief of the Church of Rheims, to abandon the world; the other to his Carthusian brethren.

Cæsarius St., first a Monk, and then Archbishop of Arles; he died in 543. He presided over several Councils held in Gaul. He was illustrious for piety and learning, and honored by the Benedictines in their literary History of Gaul, with the appellation of the *Augustine of Gaul*, on account of his profound vindication of the doctrine of that holy Father.

Caius, a Roman Presbyter, flourished under the pontificate of Victor I. and Zephirinus—towards the end of the second, and the beginning of the third, century. He composed various works, of which only some fragments are to be found in Eusebius and Photius.

Charlemagne, King of Gaul, was consecrated Emperor of the West, at Rome, on the twenty-fifth of December, anno 800, and died in 814, in his seventy-second year. The Caroline books, which are often quoted, were written under the supervision of Charlemagne.

Cassiodorus (Magnus Aurelius) was born at Lucca, about the year 470. After having filled different offices with honor, he was created Consul in 514. He abandoned the world, and retired into a monastery in the remote parts of Calabria, erected at his own expense: where he died in the ninety-third year of his age.

Catharinus Ambrosius, a Dominican, Bishop of Minorca, and afterwards translated to a See, in the kingdom of Naples, died in 1552. He was somewhat hazardous in the choice of opinions.

Chrysostom John St., so called on account of his sublime and truly golden eloquence, was born at Antioch, towards the year 354, made Deacon of the Church in that city in 381, ordained Priest in 386, consecrated Patriarch of Constantinople in 398, and died in exile in 407. This holy Doctor possessed an exquisite knowledge of divine things, an unrivalled facility and eloquence in writing and speaking, and confronted Jews, Gentiles, Arians, and other heretics.

Clement, of Alexandria, a Presbyter, and Prefect of the School of Alexandria, died in 220. He wrote several volumes, "replete," says St. Jerome (*de Scriptoribus, cap.* 8) "with

eloquence and sacred and profane literature."

Clement I. St., the fourth Pope, the friend and companion of St. Paul, died a Martyr in the year 100. He wrote two epistles to the Corinthians, of which the first has come down to us nearly entire: of the second a mere fragment is remaining. In this the Divinityof Christ is vindicated in the following words:—"Brethren,we should think of Jesus Christ as of God—as the Judge ofthe living and the dead." *Fratres, ita nos sentire oportet de Jesu Christo, tanquam de Deo, tanquam de Jusdice Vivorum et mortuorum.*"

Constantine the Great, the first Christian Emperor, born in 272, and made Emperor in 306. In 312, emboldened by the apparition of the Cross in the Heavens, he conquered the tyrant Maxentius, and was converted to the Christian Religion. In 325, he assisted at the Council of Nice, and adhered rigidly to its decrees; although, led astray by Eusebius of Nicomedia, he seemed to incline to the Arian faction. He died in 337; and has left behind him many orations and epistles.

Cyprian St., a Carthagenian, was baptized by the Presbyter Cecilius, (whose name he assumed) towards the year 255. Was made Priest in 247, and Bishop the following year. He was martyred on the 14th of September, 258. He assiduously studied the writings of his master Tertullian, and illumined the Church with works which St. Jerome denominates *sole clariora*, more bright than the sun.

Cyril St., born at Alexandria, and Patriarch of that city, was born in 412, and died in 444. He presided over the Council of Ephesus, the third General Council, in 431, in the name of Pope Celestine I.; and opposed, with unwearied exertions and wonderful success, the Novatians and other heretics. His works have been held in high esteem by the Church.

Cyril St., of Jerusalem, first a teacher of catechism, and afterwards Bishop of Jerusalem. He was present at the second General Council of Constantinople, anno 381. Of his works, the most celebrated is his *Catecheses Mystagogicæ*, composed while yet a youth, for the instruction of catechumens. In this, the *doctrine of the real and substantial presence of the body and blood of Christ in the Eucharist*, is plainly taught. Hence the authenticity of the work has been called in question by some innovators: but Causabon, a learned Calvinist, acknowledges him to be the author.

Dydimus, of Alexandria, born about 309, and although deprived of his sight while a boy, he excelled in every kind of erudition. He expounded the whole of the Sacred Scriptures, and wrote on most of the dogmata of the Church. He died in his ninetieth year, towards the end of the fourth century. Very few of his works are extant. He numbered among his diciples St. Jerome and Rufinus.

Dionysius, of Alexandria, the disciple of Origen, Bishop of that city, was martyred in 265. Being called to the Council of Antioch, he committed to writing his opinion of Paul of Samotatha, whom he would not then salute. He was accused in confuting Sabellius, to have fallen into the opposite error, but of this he exculpated himself in his Apologetic Letters.

Dionysius St., (the Areopagite,) converted by St. Paul, towards the year 50. Whether he was made Bishop of Paris in Gaul, and was the author of several works published under his name, is a subject of ample dispute. The common opinion of the French now is, that he was altogether a different personage from St. Dionysius of Paris.

Dionysius, the Carthusian, a Ger-

man, died in Belgium in 1471. He was renowned for his learning and sanctity. He wrote on the Old and New Testament, and on the books of the *Magister Sententiarum.*

Dionysius Exiguus, so called from his diminutive stature, was a Scythian by birth, a monk by profession, and famed for his sanctity and erudition. He died about the year 550. He was the first to number the years from the Incarnation of Christ. His two great works are a compendium of the Ecclesiastical Canons, and a Collection of the Decrees of the Roman Pontiffs, from Siricius down to Anastasius II.

Dominick St., a Spaniard, founder of the order of Preachers, which was approved by Honorius III. anno 1216. His virtue and talents shone forth especially in refuting the errors of the Albigenses. He died on the 1st of August, 1221, and was canonized by Gregory IX.

Durandus, a S. Porciano, born at Auvergne, a Dominican friar, and a Doctor of Paris, and afterwards Bishop of Meaux. He died in 1333.

FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

## SUBSTANCE OF A SERMON DELIVERED

### BY THE VERY REV. DR. POWER,

IN ST. PETER'S CHURCH, ON SUNDAY, THE 12TH OF MARCH, 1843; ON THE OCCASION OF THE COLLECTION FOR THE REV. FATHER DE SMEDT, S. J. MISSIONARY TO THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

The Preacher took his text from the 28th chapter of St. Matthew—"Go ye and teach all nations," &c. &c.

He began by saying that the Catholic Church, in obedience to this command of her Divine Founder, has always manifested the greatest solicitude for the extension of his kingdom. That she has taken the gospel to the remotest parts of the earth, and that even now, her missionaries are found in every quarter of the globe, proclaiming "glory to God in the Highest, and on earth, peace and good will to men." Even a rapid glance at the conquests of the Church, said the orator, would be sufficient to convince the most sceptical that she is still animated by the spirit of her founder, and that it is through her he proclaims his mission from on high, in the words of the Prophet, "*I am come to call them, from all tribes and tongues, and they shall come and see my glory.*"

No sooner was the American Continent discovered, towards the close of the 15th century, than it was visited by the catholic missionaries, with the torch of faith blazing in their hands. They came to enlighten those who "sat in darkness and in the shadow of death." They came to alleviate the evils that were heaped on the natives by the cruelty and rapacity of the invaders. The Almighty seconded their efforts. In spite of the obstacles that were placed in their way, even by the professors of the

Gospel, yet, it made wonderful strides. In less than forty years it was embraced by many of the savage tribes. The archdiocese of Mexico alone, extended over two hundred leagues. Eleven new dioceses of great extent were created, so that this new church of the new world could compete with the long established churches of the old.

About this time the light of the gospel visited the maritime coasts, particularly those of Peru and Brazil. These countries were then inhabited by naked savages, who knew no law but the brutality of their instinct. The missionaries plunged into their forests with a holy intrepidity; they approached them with an air of mildness, and succeeded in winning their confidence. They infused the elements of civilization into their minds. They elevated them into men, and then into Christians.

Towards the middle of the sixteenth century, the missionaries penetrated into the interior of South America. They succeeded in teaching the natives how to clothe themselves, to live in fixed habitations, and to cultivate the soil. They gave them laws taken from the morality of the gospel, and by a wonderful process which bespeaks the power of the Most High, they formed those roving savages into well-regulated communities. The mission of Paraguay alone, numbered over 300,000 persons, who believed in the gospel, and lived up to it, and whose virtues would have been an ornament to the Church in her purest and palmiest days. Towards the close of this century, the gospel made great progress in Canada. It was embraced by the Hurons, the Algonquins, and the Iroquois. Some of the missionaries laid down their lives for it. So that in America as well as in Europe, "the blood of Christians became the seed of Christians." Thus, said the Very Rev. Preacher, has the faith Christ been planted from one end to the other of this vast continent by the missionares of the Catholic Church, and I have told you what has been the result.

Lest, said the Rev. Doctor, it may be thought that I have given this picture of the missions with too partial a hand, you will allow me to strengthen what I have said with the authorities of Montesquieu, Buffon, and Raynal, unsuspected witnesses in this case, and who hold a high rank in the republic of letters. "Paraguay," says Montesquieu, "furnishes us with an example of strange institutions expressly made with a view to train up people to virtue. This was charged as a crime to the Society of Jesus. But it is the glory of this society, to have been the first to elevate the natives of the new countries, into *men* and into Christians. In this, making reparation for the ravages of the Spaniards, it has begun the cure of one of *the deepest wounds ever inflicted on the human race.*"

"The missions," says Buffon, "have formed more men in the barbarous nations, than the victorious armies of the princes who subdued them—Paraguay has been conquered in the following manner:—

"The mildness, the good example, the charity, the constant practice of every virtue, by the missionaries, have won the confidence of the Indians, and subdued their ferocity." "It must redound greatly," says he, "to the honor of Religion, to have civilized those nations, and laid the foundations of an empire, with no other arms than those of virtue alone."

Whoever is acquainted with the history of America, must be familiar with the name of *Las Casas.* Raynal, the phrenzied enemy of religion, thus speaks of this champion of the rights of man:—"This man," says

he, "so celebrated in the history of the new world, accompanied his father at the time of the discovery. The meekness, the simplicity of the Indians struck him so forcibly, that he resolved on becoming an ecclesiastic, in order to labor for their conversion. The protector of those unfortunate creatures, arraigns his own nation, before the tribunal of the civilized world. He shakes the two hemispheres to their very centre. He makes them *tremble* for having suffered the annihilation of human nature in the persons of those savages. He then apostrophizes: 'O, Las Casas, thou art greater, on the score of thy humanity alone, than were thy countrymen, on the score of their conquests. Should it ever happen, that the devoted regions which they ravaged, would ever be repeopled—should they be under the government of laws, of morals, of virtue and of justice—the first statue which would be erected, would be yours. You would be represented, as interposing between the American and the Spaniard, and in order to save *the former*, exposing thy own breast to the *dagger of the latter.* On the pedestal of this monument would be this inscription—'Las Casas, whom you now behold, was a *humane man*, living in a ferocious age.' In the mean time, thy name will be inscribed on every benevolent heart, and thy countrymen, while they blush at the barbarity of their pretended heroes, will glory in thy virtues.' "

Nor are we to forget, continued the Very Rev. Orator, how Catholicity visited this portion of the American continent which we now inhabit, and in which we enjoy all the blessings of civil and religious liberty. The religious equality which was coeval with some of the colonies, beckoned Catholicity to these shores. The glory of having established this equality by constitutional law, justly appertains to Maryland, Rhode Island, and Pennsylvania. And this glory brightens when we reflect how the human mind was shut to every feeling of justice on this score in all parts of the world. History tells us that even in the United Provinces, which were pointed to as models of toleration, places of trust and emolument were given to the professors of the established religion alone. History also tells us, that at the time when Maryland was proclaiming to the world, that her protection would be extended to every believer in Jesus Christ, and that whosoever should use an insulting expression on the score of religion would be severely fined; the parliament of Scotland was employed in inflicting severe fines and penalties on dissenters. During the Protectorate, we are informed that the proprietary government of Maryland fell into the hands of the minions of the Protector, and that they declared that the laws of England extended no protection to Roman Catholics. We also know that the missionaries who strove to civilize the Indians had to desist from their labors. After the restoration, the servants of Charles II., in order to shield themselves from the imputation of popery, gave all the offices in the colony to Protestants. Thus have the Catholics been treated in the very place where they themselves set the example of unlimited toleration. It is a well-known fact, that at the passage of the famous act of 1746 by the Catholic Assembly of Maryland, the priests were then numerous and influential in the colony, and we find that the passage of this act was not resisted by them. I mention this, said the preacher, in order to contrast the doings of this Catholic colony with those of the Puritans of New England during the seventeenth century. I allude to it, in

order to contrast the liberal spirit of this colony with that of the Rump parliament. I do it in order to bind you more and more to that religion which has set so brilliant an example of philantrophy in this country, and has taught her children to soar so far above the sphere of contracted illiberality.

But it will be asked, said the preacher, is not the Catholic religion an intolerant religion? This question he answered, as well as we can recollect, in the following manner:— There are, said he, two kinds of intolerance; the one, civil intolerance, and consists in not permitting the exercise of a religion in the state. The other is religious intolerance, and consists in the rejection of a creed as hostile to truth and to eternal salvation. The true religion is essentially intolerant of falsehood. In the nature of things, truth and falsehood cannot be reconciled to each other. Julian the apostate, and Celsus, and Porphyry, accused the Christians of being intolerant, because they worshipped a God who held no intercourse with the gods of the Gentiles, as if there could be more gods than one. In like manner, the declaimers against intolerance accuse the Catholic religion of rejecting that which it considers as essentially false. The Christian religion tells us that Christ is the Saviour of the world; that there is no other name through which salvation can be obtained; consequently, it rejects, as false, Judaism, Mahometanism, and Paganism. That God could attach salvation to Christianity alone, no one will deny, and we refer the declaimers on toleration to his tribunal. One thing is certain, that if the Christian religion be divine, all opposite systems are false. Christianity tells us that Christ has established but *one* Church. The Catholic believes that this one Church is the Catholic Church. Consequently, he must reject every creed at variance with the creed of this Church. This he cannot help doing, for in so doing he reasons well and consistently. It must, however, be remarked, that this belief is by no means at variance with the social system. It does not govern his heart; it is a speculative dogma, which influences his judgment, and causes him to refuse the spiritual privileges of the Church of Christ to those who in his belief do not belong to it. The missions of the Catholic Church constitute the brightest page in her history. The heroes of the gospel, who have torn themselves from country and friends, for the purpose of taking the faith of Christ to remote and barbarous nations, are deserving of the smiles of Heaven and of the homages of earth. We are astonished when we behold them, in the face of appalling difficulties, enlightening new worlds; and rolling, as it were, the floods of divine grace on the ruins of idolatry. No other religion but the religion of Christ can boast of such conquests. No being but He can say in the words of the Prophet, "I have called on the North and on the South for children; and the North and the South gave them to me." Here, said the orator, it would be wrong to forget the most active and the most enlightened of our missionaries. Those men of whom *Fénélon was the friend.* Those of whom Bossuet had said, that it was not in vain they bore the name of Jesus. Those men of whom Pope Pius VII. declared that they were the strongest rowers in the bark of Peter. Their services were disowned by some, but their virtues will be held in eternal remembrance; they will last as long as the two hemispheres which they have enlightened; and they will be as enduring as the infamy of their persecutors. Father de Smedt belongs to this glorious band; he is well qualified to carry out the great work which has been entrusted to him.

You are called upon this day to come to his aid. You are called upon to make unto yourselves friends of the mammon of iniquity. You are called upon to secure the prayers of the unsophisticated children of the forest, and to create for yourselves treasures in heaven, where moth will not devour, nor rust consume. May you all respond to this call is my warmest wish.

We have thus far endeavored to give a synopsis of this excellent discourse, which was listened to with attention, and will long be remembered by those who had the pleasure of hearing it.

FROM THE PHILADELPHIA EVENING JOURNAL.

## MR. HARE'S LECTURE—EDICT OF NANTES—TOLERATION AND INTOLERANCE.

"THE Edict of Nantes" was the subject of a lecture delivered last evening, by Robert Hare, jun., Esq., before the Carroll Institute, in the lecture-room of the Philadelphia Museum. The subject is one of public interest at this moment, when great efforts are being made "to enlighten and warn the Protestant population as to the nature and tendency of Popery, and to awaken the community to the dangers which threaten the liberties and the public and domestic institutions of the United States, from the assaults of Romanism." The epitome of Mr. Hare's lecture, though not expressing our own sentiments, will be found to express the views of a large and respectable portion of the community to which he belongs.

The Edict of Nantes, he said, was one of those subjects which form the staple of a great deal of writing and declamation, often without any very precise ideas as to its character, or as to the traits of the times when it was adopted or when it was revoked.

The object of the lecture appeared to be to describe the circumstances and provisions of that edict, without assuming to decide what was right or what was wrong, either in comparison with our own ideas, or those of the times which it immediately concerned.

Toleration is said to be a principle of this age. It is professed to be, and for the most part *is* felt in all public transactions and affairs. It is fortunate that it is so far adopted and realized, since it cannot be said that opinion has lost much of its intenseness or exclusiveness, whether it be opinions in matters of religion, of conduct, of politics, or of one's own wisdom.

Mankind were for a long time endeavoring to find out, embody, enforce, and practice, the doctrine of toleration; and yet it is now only in the weakness of immaturity. It has grown to be recognized as a public principle, and it is to be hoped it may, from being a public principle, become a private pleasure.

Toleration was neither a principle

nor a duty to any part of mankind, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and the discomfort or desolation which flowed from intolerance, is as chargeable upon one set of opinions and of men as upon another.

The lecturer then proceeded to give a brief sketch of the history of the Edict of Nantes, with the view apparently to show the course of the passions which beget intolerance, which for so long a time affected mankind. He commenced with the breaking out of the Reformation in Germany, about the year 1520,—traced the progress of events in that country, and in France, down to the promulgation of the famous Edict of Nantes, by Henry the Fourth, in 1598, securing to the Protestants, by law, all the rights of a French subject, and absolving them from the consequences "of their heresy and rebellion." This Edict was the first manifestation which the world had yet seen, of a spirit of toleration—the first act by which, since the breaking out of the Reformation, religious discord, hatred, and persecution, were to cease in a nation of Christians, though of different faiths.

To understand the tolerance and necessity of this edict, the lecturer said, it was fit to observe, that by the constitutions of all nations in those days, a heretic, or one avowing opinions contrary to the faith or peace of the church or sect, as established, was necessarily a rebel and a criminal in the State. Intolerance was both a duty and a principle, and all the laws which, in all nations, were promulgated for the suppression of the faith and doctrines of the minority, inflicted penalties only for what was in all regarded as a crime. Such laws and penalties were as much the expression of the popular will, as if they had been passed in assemblies of the people by an unrelenting and savage majority. Nor was this popular will itself a novel, sudden, or violent impulse; but, on the contrary, a necessary act of duty, in complete consistency with their sense of piety, and with the fixed aversion which men, whose minds were violently excited by theological discussion, feel for those whose faith they believed to be erroneous, and being erroneous, to be bad and sinful.

When, therefore, the lecturer said, Henry the Fourth, a Catholic monarch, but lately converted to the Church, suspected by the great Catholic nations, scarcely yet trusted by any portion of his own subjects, and more than doubted by the Protestants, granted this Edict, under the advice of Catholic counsellors, with the approbation of the Catholic bishop, and even of the Pope himself, he, and even they, are to be looked upon not only as preceding both their adversaries and the age in liberality and philantrophy, but as perilling for the sake of harmony, peace, and humanity, his crown and person, the stability of the monarchy, and the lives and happiness of those of their own faith. For to admit the Protestants to equal rights, was to admit the operation of all their principles, and to afford to them the means of again creating the same civil war which had followed every concession hitherto made to them.

This edict consisted of ninety-two articles, the provisions of which were minutely explained by the lecturer. The particular arrangements and details were entrusted by Henry to four of his ministers, men celebrated for their learning and skill—two Catholics and two Protestants; and in the course of time the two parties began to be accustomed to their novel and somewhat awkward condition of civility and humanity towards each other. And the sentiment that the rights of each party were bounded and secured by law, inspired both with respect and reverence for the government.

In this state the parties remained until about the year 1616, without any violent outbreak, and without any more serious troubles than that of compelling the Court to listen to claims and complaints, sometimes reasonable, sometimes vexatious, and generally irritating, though of very small moment. The Protestants at this time amounted to little more than a million in France, so much had the Edict of Nantes, peace, and indifference, diminished their numbers. Their general conventions had been regularly held, without any other differences with the State than such as bickerings of bigots on both sides, about trifles, might produce. In the towns there were occasional quarrels between the lower orders, and in these the government protected the reformed. It is gravely told by a Protestant historian, that a cow, belonging to a poor man named Colas, having *ignorantly*, and against its nature, entered into one of their conventicles, during service, the indignant congregation, with a stern devotion to principle, condemned it to death, and in a body rose and executed judgment, which event being commemorated in a satirical ballad called "Vache à Colas," or the Cow of Colas, the singing of it in the street produced so many bloody noses and cracked crowns, that it was forbidden by proclamation under pain of capital punishment.

In 1619, the violence of religious discord again broke out, not, as heretofore, only and entirely because one man believed in one mystery, and another in more, but upon other more worldly and visible causes. From this time commenced a war which terminated with the siege of Rochelle, and its capture, in 1628, by the king's forces, under the most capable of all great men, the Cardinal de Richelieu.

With the fall of Rochelle began the decline of the Huguenots. The great mass was left in possession of all the civil rights which the Edict of Nantes secured to them, but they were deprived of the ability to become a distinct and independent body in the State.

From this time, until 1685, when it was finally repealed, the edict of Nantes remained in force. The revocation was gradual, and at first gentle; and the principle was professed to be a desire to unite all persons living under the same government in one faith and one bond of opinion.

The policy of Richelieu towards the Huguenots, was referred to—a policy continued by Mazarin, and which prevailed for many years with Louis XIV. That policy was to treat the Huguenots kindly; though pastors were required to conform or quit France. The consequence was that about 67,000 Huguenots left the country.

The revocation is to be regretted as an act of intolerance, which humanity and Christianity might have interfered to prevent, even at the risk of some political disorder and turbulence; but in judging of this event, our present sentiments are not the criteria which any rule of justice supplies.

The real or pretended advantages of the Reformation were referred to. The liberty of opinion, or of conscience, or of worship according to conscience, the lecturer said, was the last thing which the Reformers avowed or permitted; and even at this day, it is difficult to perceive that the upholders of the Reformation are more inclined to allow a difference of opinion upon matters of faith, morals or conduct, than are their adversaries, or were their predecessors.

While Luther was shaking the circle which surrounded him, the contest was one between him and the Pope, a word which on his side denoted a prince or individual, and on that of his adversaries a principle.

After the outbreak, the quarrel lost the character of an attempt to correct abuses, and became a conflict of speculation in metaphysics—finally of temporal dominion and supremacy.

When Calvin re-established himself at Geneva, after he had been driven from thence by his brother reformers, he was possessed of an ecclesiastical influence so great, and a power so unequalled, that all that is claimed for a pope on the score of infallibility is insignificant, as compared with what was due to him.

At the close of the sixteenth century, the simple proposition that men, for holding heterodox opinions in religion, ought not to be put to death, was in itself a heresy, exposing its expounder to punishment. And in the seventeenth century the state of opinion was but little changed.

From the reign of Elizabeth down to the nineteenth century, the condition of Catholics in England, from which country flows many tirades about toleration, has not been unlike that of the Protestants in France, during and for about fifty years next after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

As an evidence of the feeling which existed towards the destitute Catholics who sought refuge in England during the reigns of Charles and James the First, the declaration of a nobleman as a legislator was referred to, that he would not have so much as a popish man or popish woman to remain—not so much as a popish dog or a popish horse—nay, not so much as a popish cat to purr and mew about the king.

In France, the Huguenots began to return about the year 1740, and no notice was afterwards taken of them by the government. Since the re-establishment of religion by Napoleon, they have equal rights in all respects, though just after the restoration they were involved in some difficulties, which they give the name of a persecution, but which their adversaries deny to have been even an ill-treatment. But whatever it was, it was soon settled. Their number is about a million, as it was at the revocation—their churches are where they choose to place them; and when they require others, which has not happened, except to rebuild those dilapidated by time, they are entitled to the same aid as Catholics receive from the government. Their preachers are also partly supported by the national revenues, as are the Catholics, and whatever new Christian sect arises. But it cannot be said that they attract much attention or make any proselytes.

Towards the close of last century, many of the most odious laws in force in England, against Catholics, were repealed, after great opposition. They have been admitted to equal political rights, and the incredulous Englishman, to his own surprise and discomfiture, still finds himself alive, and the inquisition not yet at work.

Odious as bigotry must always be, it is comparatively harmless when civil rights or political interests are not connected with it. But when men's religious belief is made the ground of affecting their rights, their interests, or even their tempers, the moral result has been violence and civil war.

If ever madness should so rule the hour, that the oppression, the persecution, the violation of the rights of any religious class in this country, should be attempted, then instead of doubts and fears, the persecuted may safely trust to the good sense and honor of the community, and believe that their foolish adversaries will only the sooner lose the power to do harm, than their efforts will be bounded by their magnanimity, and that their silly design to alarm the

community by fears of a creed, will be heartily laughed at by the sensible men of their own belief, and entirely forgiven and forgotten by the objects of their generous and enlightened hatred.

FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

# YOUTH'S ASPIRATIONS.

NUMBER TWO.

## LAMENT FOR THE DEPARTED.

THE hour is one of festive joy to hearts
O'er which no shadow darkling yet has flown,
To dim the bright, fond vision, which imparts
Our gladsome youth, in tenderness upgrown,
Of parents' quenchless love.

And sweet communion, as of purling streams,
Leaping from leafy founts to hush their glee
In deep companionship of waters, seems
To still in placid breasts, the melody,
That youthful souls must move.

Oh! fain would we, this eve rejoicing, where
The loving and the loved, to banquet come,
On hopes and memories, which true hearts endear,
In holiest union of our blessed home,
No shade of sorrow bring!

But who will tell the tremulous bosom chords,
Impassive thrill not to the ruthless blow,
Which crushes earth's affections? who the words,
Which come unbidden, with our tears, not flow
In sadness murmuring?

As darkness follows light, so grief, twin-born,
Pursues our fleeting joy, and e'en this scene,
Radiant with childhood's smiles, as summer morn,
The mournful image gives, of what has been
Treasured—now torn away.

Gliding o'er waters, in their noiseless flow,
In the dim vista of the days gone by,
We see a form once robed with light, and oh!
How welcome was its presence to the eye,
Upon this happy day!

How dear its beaming gentleness, its tone
Of fond abiding love, which quickened ear
Of ours drank gratefully; alas! nowgone,
Save whispering echoes, which our hearts still hear,
Like music's mellow strain.

Oh! by the memory of departed hours,
By mystic ties, which bind us to the dead,
By tearful homage which the bosom pours
O'er the sepulchral urn, loved one! though fled,
Come, come to us again!

Come from thy spirit-land, oft seen in dreams,
Whose bowers of loveliness, like captive bird,
Thou soughtest it, fluttering to be free—whose gleams
Of beauty charmed thee; land, which thro' *thy* word
*We* too have yearned to see!

Be with us now thy children, e'er the same,
As when we clustered round thee, felt thy love,
In tenderest embrace, and accents came,
Persuasive e'er to truthful hearts, to prove,
Thy winning ministry.

Be still our guide, and may thy lowly faith,
Thy generous, warm affiance in thy God,
And thy strong love, triumphant over death,
Shine on the upward pathway thou hast trod,
That we may follow thee!

And oh! in that bright world where spirits meet,
To part no more—in sweet emotions blest,
May the young hearts here gathered, fondly greet
Thee, loved and lost one!—clasp thee in thy rest,
Of deathless charity! L.

FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

# VOLTAIRE'S LIFE, LITERARY, POLITICAL, AND MORAL.

BY M. LEPAN.

VOLTAIRE was, during a long period, the ardent admirer of Maupertuis. This, at length, however, cooled very sensibly; the cause of this change of opinion arose, it is believed, from a discussion between Madame du Chatelet and Kœnig, upon the Leibnitzian philosophy; Maupertuis sided with Kœnig in the debate, and wrote to Madame du Chatelet on the subject, giving her plainly to understand that she was in the wrong. Voltaire thought the reproof too harsh, as may be conjectured from the following extract from a letter addressed by him to Maupertuis, August 9, 1740. "I entreat of you to blend a little mildness with your superior mind; be assured that I have for you the most tender regard." In addition to the above cause of annoyance, Voltaire was

displeased with Maupertuis for his refusal to interfere with Monsieur Dejarrige in relation to the suit with the Israelite Herscheld. A discussion having arisen between Kœnig and Maupertuis, upon a philosophical question, the Academy of Berlin erased the name of the former from the list of its members; Voltaire availed himself of the opportunity, and under pretext of defending Kœnig, he published several pamphlets, in which his animosity against Maupertuis, and his desire to make him appear in a ridiculous light, were quite apparent. The first which appeared was entitled "*Answer from an Academician of Berlin to an Academician of Paris.*" Maupertuis was taken sick; and his enemy published the "Tomb of the Sorbonne," in which he made an attack upon the Advocate-General of the Parliament of Paris,* Dr. Boyer, the Bishop of Mirepoix, who had recently died, and Maupertuis. Frederick was much attached to the President of his Academy of Sciences, and he called to see Maupertuis: and not satisfied with this mark of esteem, he wrote a pamphlet entitled, "Letter of an Academician of Berlin to an Academician of Paris." He stated in this production, although without mentioning Voltaire's name, that his "*Answer*" was a tissue of falsehood, while he passed the most flattering encomiums on Maupertuis.

Voltaire immediately composed a splenetic effusion entitled "*Doctor Akakia*,"† as an answer to the above.

* This is an obsolete title.--*Tr.*

† The youthful reader will thank us for explaining this singular name, which is derived from the Greek, and signifies 'without wit;' this happened to be the name of the physician of Francis the First. The doctor deemed this cognomen somewhat inappropriate, and made it what it now is, that it might not be understood by the multitude. In this production, Voltaire supposes that the Doctor Akakia was the Pope's physician.

Strange inconsistency! the same individual who had addressed Maupertuis in the following language, "I beseech of you never to believe, that I could either think or speak of you in a manner which would displease you;" (May 28, 1741) had the cruelty wantonly to sport with the feelings of a sick man, who had for six months been confined to his bed from bleeding at the lungs.

Voltaire was in want of a permission whereby he might have the "*Doctor Akakia*" printed at Potsdam; he obtained it by the following contrivance: Monsieur Formey, who was the Secretary of the Academy at Berlin, had recently published an article in the "Bibliothéque Germanique," in which he reviewed the works of Zimmermann, a divine of Zurich, and in the course of his remarks, was particularly severe against infidels. By a preconcerted arrangement with d'Argens, Voltaire began to converse with him in an undertone, while they were supping with Frederic. The king, according to his custom, asked what was the subject of their conversation. Voltaire then stated the substance of Formey's essay, and avowed his readiness to undertake a reply to it; and asked leave to have his answer printed, which was granted him. He then published his defence of Bolingbroke, in which Formey's article is alluded to, without mentioning his name; and then he issued the *Akakia*, in virtue, he said, of the privilege accorded him. This is the history of the Potsdam edition. Voltaire took a copy to Frederic; the king remonstrated with Voltaire, and told him how painful this publication was to his feelings, and requested that he would at once suppress the whole edition. Voltaire promised to comply with his benefactor's request; but, instead of adhering to his promise, he immediately sent the *Akakia* to

Leyden, where Luzac published a very large edition of it.

The king was soon made acquainted with the occurrence, and expressed his deep indignation at it to Voltaire. After this quarrel, Voltaire left Potsdam for his residence of Francheville, at Berlin, and from the windows of his house, he witnessed the burning of his work by the common hangman.* Frederick returned to Berlin, in order to participate in the festivities of the carnival, but he strictly forbade Voltaire from appearing in his presence.†

Ten days after this humiliating occurrence, Voltaire wrote to Frederick, expressing his regret for having offended him. He stated likewise, that he was persuaded that he was unworthy of the kindness bestowed upon him, and that he took the liberty of placing at the king's feet the honors with which he had been decorated. He returned the cross of the Order of Merit, together with this epistle, and sealed the packet himself; he also wrote some lines expressive of his sorrow, on the envelope. The younger Francheville, his assistant secretary, was requested to convey it to the king's palace. Fredersdorf, the king's valet and treasurer, received the packet, and brought it back to Voltaire the same day. The account of the transaction is given by Collini, Voltaire's private secretary. Frederick went back to Potsdam, but the author of the "*Akakia*" remained at Berlin, where he was soon attacked by sickness, which was mainly attributable to the mortification he had thus recently experienced. As soon as he was able to travel, he wrote to the king, asking leave to go to the springs of Plombieres, in Lorraine. Whilst awaiting an answer to his petition, he prepared to leave the house that he occupied, which was in the centre of the city, and was the property of the elder Francheville, the father of his assistant secretary; he dismissed the latter from his service, as he did not wish, he said to Collini, to have one about his person who would be more of a spy upon his actions than a secretary, He returned all the books he had borrowed from the king's library; and when all his effects were packed up, he went to reside, on the fifth of March, 1753, at a house in the Stralam suburb.

After a few days delay for an answer, he became impatient, and communicated to Collini, the scheme he had in view, which was, to leave Berlin in disguise, upon a wagon loaded with hay, in the middle of which his property would be concealed: however, on the fifteenth of March, he received a letter from Fredersdorf, stating that there were excellent springs at Glatz, near Moravia. "What am I to do?" he wrote to Madame Denis, "It is evident that I must go to Potsdam."* This statement is at variance with that of Collini, who says that the king allowed him to go to Plombieres, and expressed a wish to see him before his departure. But who is to flatter, if not one's own secretary! Voltaire reached Potsdam on the eighteenth of March, and the next day he had an audience of two hours with Frederick, and was much pleased with his reception. He remained a week at Potsdam, and on the twenty-sixth of March, 1753, departed from Potsdam, never to return to it.

Thus we see, that Voltaire, who could not live in peace in his native country, is kindly offered an asylum in Prussia; and there, as before, the hangman burns the productions of his satirical mind. During the three years that he lived at the Prussian court, he managed to eject D'Arnaud

* Dec. 24, 1752. † Souvenirs d'un Citoyen.

* 15th May, 1753.

from his post, he had difficulties with Henning, the bookseller, a disgraceful suit with the Israelite Herscheld, violent quarrels with Labeaumelle and Maupertius, and even went so far as to break the promise he had made to Frederick. He is forced to leave a land where honors and riches smiled upon him; he leaves it without any definite plan, and even now, he prepares for himself new troubles and other humiliations.

It is not unworthy of remark, that Voltaire, who was a great admirer of liberty, was at the same time, the friend of Frederick the second, whom he represented as the greatest despot. "It rarely happened," he states in his *Memoirs*, "that his own ministers spoke to him, there are even some to whom he had never spoken. All was done through the medium of his clerk Fredersdorf; the secretaries of state sent him all their dispatches, he would prepare an extract thereof, and the king made him answer them on the margin. In a word, all the affairs of the kingdom were attended to in an hour, all was done in military style, and the obedience of his subjects such, that a space of four hundred leagues was as easy to govern as an abbey." In a letter to Cideville, March 28, 1760, he says, "There never was a poet who spilt so much blood: Tyrthœus and Dionysius are as little children in comparison with him." But we must return to our traveller. He journeyed in his own coach, with Collini, his secretary, and two servants. His trunks were strapped on behind, a travelling case which he had inside contained his valuables, and his manuscripts were in several portfolios which were always under his eye. The coach was drawn by four or six horses, according to the state of the roads. He reached Leipzig the day after his departure, at six in the evening, and took up his abode in a house in Newmarket Street. It has been said that he was ill in that city, and he even went so far as to write to that effect to the ecclesiastical counsellor of the Landgrave of Hesse Homburg; but the truth is, that he had resolved to wait for some news from Paris, ere he should leave Leipzig, in order to govern his ulterior movements. He remained twenty-three days in this place, and spent his time in visiting the learned professors of its university; in conversing with Gottshed, the distinguished "litterateur"; and in seeing Breitkopff, the printer, who was to print several of his works, which were to be published by Watker, a bookseller of Dresden. The remainder of his time was occupied in arranging his papers and books in several boxes, which were sent to Strasburg.*

We have already had occasion to notice that Collini, from whom we have borrowed the preceding facts, did not say all he knew. We could not expect that Voltaire's secretary should communicate to us the fact of Voltaire's having written "*The private life of the King of Prussia.*" Besides, it is quite unlikely that an indefatigable writer, could have been twenty-three days at Leipzig, without writing something, particularly, when his remark, only one month previous—"*I have the will* and the right to bequeath his condemnation in writing to posterity"†—is borne in mind; but it is probable that this being his first station, he availed himself of the opportunity to vent his spleen upon Frederick, and to publish the production above alluded to, which was in circulation throughout Saxony, very soon afterwards.

Perhaps it was this which caused him so much uneasiness when he met Pollnitz at Hesse Cassel?

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* From Collini's Account.

† Letter to Count D'Argental, Feb. 26, 1753.

It was quite probable that Pollnitz had heard something of this libellous production at Leipzig, and that he informed Frederick of this circumstance, who immediately ordered the seizure of the papers of his ex-chamberlain. This would explain the scene which took place at Frankfort, we shall, therefore, follow our hero thither. From Leipzig, Voltaire went to Gotha, where he spent a few days; and from thence reached Frankfort on the Mayne on the thirtieth of May. He was about to leave the town the next day, when Freytag, the Prussian resident, escorted by an officer and a citizen, made their appearance, and demanded in the name of his Majesty the King of Prussia, that Voltaire should deliver up to them the cross of the order of merit, the Chamberlain's golden key, the letters or papers in his possession which were written by Frederick, and a poetical work, written also by the king. The cross, key, and such of the papers in the king's handwriting as were in his possession, he returned instantly. The poetical work he declared he had left at Leipzig, in a box, which had since been sent to Strasburg; he promised however to write that it might be sent to Frankfort; and he was notified by Freytag that he was to stay in that city until the arrival of the box. Madame Denis was expecting her uncle at Strasburg, when the latter informed her of the cause of his delay, and she immediately started for Frankfort. The long-wished-for box at length arrived on the 17th June, and was immediately conveyed to Freytag.

When the period arrived for opening the box, the Prussian resident objected to do so, and finally said that the king's orders were to leave every thing in *statu quo*. Voltaire's arrest at Frankfort, was attributed by him and by all his biographers to the non-delivery of Frederick's poetical work. If this supposition had been correct, all that was required was to deliver the manuscript to them who were sent to demand it. It was not necessary to send for the box, and the probability therefore is, that the real object in view was, to obtain the manuscript of the "Private Life of the King of Prussia." As soon as Voltaire was informed of these circumstances, he waited upon the resident, and demanded to see the king's orders; this was refused, and as he feared that worse might befall him, he determined to fly, and leave Madame Denis at Frankfort, to await the termination of this unpleasant business. In accordance with this resolution, he and Collini, left the tavern as quietly as possible, taking a servant with them to carry the travelling case, with its valuable contents, and succeeded in finding a hackney coach, in which they were conveyed to the city gate, but here they were stopped. The intelligence of the attempt to escape was immediately communicated to Freytag, who hastened to the spot, accompanied by some soldiers. He compelled the fugitives to enter a carriage, in which they were conveyed to the residence of a merchant named Schmidt, who was styled the Counsellor of the King of Prussia.

We give Collini's description of the scene enacted at Schmidt's house. "The door was barricaded, and soldiers were placed outside to keep order. We were conducted to the counting-house; several clerks and male and female domestics surrounded us. Madame Schmidt passed before Voltaire, and gazed scornfully at him; while she listened to Freytag, who was relating in the most bombastic manner, how so important a capture had been effected, dwelling with much emphasis on the courage and address which he had displayed.

"What a contrast! Imagine the author of the *Henriade*, and of *Merope*,

he whom Frederick had called his friend, who had received so many honors from the Parisian public,—imagine him, I say, surrounded by this rabble, overwhelmed with offensive words, treated as the lowest villain, insulted by the rudest and most wicked men, and having no other arms to oppose to all this than his rage and indignation. Our effects and the case were seized, we were made to give up the money we had in our pockets, and Voltaire's watch, snuff-box, and some jewels he wore were likewise taken from him. Voltaire asked for an acknowledgment of the property thus forcibly taken from him, this was refused. 'Count this money,' said Schmidt to his friends; 'these are rogues who are capable of asserting that there is twice as much as the real amount.' I then asked by what right I was arrested, and insisted upon the necessity of drawing up an affidavit of what had occurred. For this I was threatened with being locked up in the guard-house.

"Voltaire claimed his snuff-box, stating that he could not do without his snuff; he was told 'that it was customary to take all.' His eyes were glaring with fury, and now and then would seek mine as if to interrogate me. Perceiving an open door, he rushed madly through it, but was soon brought back. On his return to the room, Schmidt considered himself as personally offended, and cried out, 'Wretch! you shall be treated without pity.' The servants renewed their cries, and Voltaire again attempted an escape through the door, and was again foiled. The proceedings had made the resident and his posse thirsty, and Schmidt sent for wine, and the health of his excellency my lord Freytag was drank. Just then, a boastful fellow named Dorn made his appearance; he had been sent with a cart in pursuit of us, but upon reaching the gates, he had been informed that Voltaire was arrested; he had returned, therefore, and exclaimed as he entered the counting-house, 'If I had encountered him on the road, I would have blown his brains out!'

"After a delay of two hours, the removal of the prisoners was discussed. The portfolios, pocket-books, and the case were thrown into an empty trunk, which was fastened by a padlock and sealed with a paper bearing Voltaire's coat of arms and the cypher of Schmidt. Dorn conducted us to a miserable tavern, at the sign of the 'Goat,' where twelve soldiers commanded by an officer awaited our arrival. Voltaire was shut up in a room with three soldiers with fixed bayonets, I was separated from him and similarly guarded."

As soon as Madame Denis was informed of her uncle's arrest, she went to the burgomaster to ask that he should be set at liberty. Her only answer was a request to consider herself a prisoner in the hotel where she stayed. She was soon after brought by Dorn to the "Goat," where she was lodged in a garret and guarded by soldiers. The next day, she and Collini were permitted to walk about the house. Freytag had the trunk containing the papers, money, and jewels, brought to the tavern; before it was opened, however, Voltaire was obliged to give a written promise to pay the expenses of his capture amounting to one hundred and twenty-eight German *écus*, Freytag and Schmidt took it with them. To obtain a release, however, it was necessary to wait the orders from Potsdam. Voltaire wrote to Monsieur de Prades, for whom he had procured the situation of reader to the King. On the fifth of July, he received a favorable answer to his petition, in consequence of which he was released by the burgomaster.

Voltaire and Collini returned to the "Golden Lion," where they had slept on their arrival in Frankfort, af-

ter being detained for sixteen days at the "Goat." They immediately drew up a protest against the annoyances and ill-treatment they had been subjected to, and commenced preparations for their departure which took place on the morrow. A few minutes previous to their departure, Voltaire noticed that Dorn passed softly before the door and thought that he was there as a spy upon them, he seized a pistol which had just been loaded by Collini, but the latter by his cries and his efforts succeeded in wresting the weapon from Voltaire, if this had not been done he would have fired upon Dorn; the supposed spy, Dorn, retreated hastily, and went to a magistrate to complain of the attempt made upon him; Voltaire would have had another difficulty to contend against, but for the City Secretary, who quieted the rising storm. Voltaire and Collini left that day, but Madame Denis remained until the following day. The two travellers reached Mentz the same day; here they met with a kind reception and made a stay of three weeks, after which they proceeded towards Manheim, the residence of the Elector, Voltaire being desirous to pay his respects to the Elector, Charles Theodore. At Worms he passed for an Italian gentleman, as he was unwilling to acknowledge himself as a Frenchman, in consequence of the destruction caused by the French troops in that country.*

When he reached Manheim, the Elector was at Schwetzingen, one of his country seats; the Elector immediately sent one of his equipages for our author. Voltaire spent a fortnight here, which was employed in entertainments and in conversations upon literary subjects.

On his arrival at Strasburg, he went to the "White Bear" inn, where he remained a week and then removed to a small house a short distance from the city.

Voltaire's intention was to reside in Strasburg until Madame Denis could obtain permission for him to return to Paris; all her efforts, however, proved unavailing. A printer at Colmar, a brother of Professor Schoepflin, having proposed to print Voltaire's "*Annals of the Empire*," he determined upon residing at Colmar, and where he hired an apartment at the house of Mr. Goll in October, 1753.

Collini gives us a graphic description of the vicissitudes experienced by Voltaire since his departure from Potsdam; he first represents him as the favorite of Frederick, then a prisoner at Frankfort, admired in one city, ill-treated in another, now the inhabitant of a palace, and again the inmate of a wretched tavern, at one time faring sumptuously, at another deriving what was required for his table from a small eating-house at Colmar. But the worthy secretary has forgotten to enumerate in his list, that, under the pretext of visiting a paper-mill, which was eighteen miles from Colmar, near Munster, and whence Schoepflin, the printer, derived his supply of paper, Voltaire concealed himself in the mountains. It was from that retreat that he asked the Count D'Argental to direct his answer to Mr. Schoepflin, who would forward it to him: it was in that letter that he penned the following—"the dream of my life is an almost continual nightmare."*

It appears that this concealment in the mountains of the Vosges was deemed prudent in consequence of the publication of the "*Abridgment of Universal History*," which is ascribed to Voltaire's pen, at the Hague, by John Neaulme; in this work Louis the Fifteenth and the clergy were very severely handled. He returned to Colmar when all was again

* Collini, page 104.

* October, 1753.

quiet, and commenced housekeeping; as Madame Denis was absent, Collini took charge of the household.

It was at this period* that he drew up a statement comparing his "*Essay upon the Revolutions of the World*," with the "*Abridgment of Universal History*," said to be his. Voltaire asserted that the latter work had been printed from an imperfect copy of his "Universal History," which copy, he stated, was in a box belonging to the King of Prussia, at the battle of Sohr, that this box had been brought to Prince Charles, and that one of his valets had taken the manuscript and sold it to John Neaulme.† "It is certain," he wrote to Count D'Argental, Feb. 7th, 1754, "that efforts were made to injure me in France, after I had been injured in Prussia, and that rascals of booksellers at Berlin and at the Hague were bribed and thus induced to publish an old, defective manuscript to complete my ruin."

Madame Denis wrote to her uncle that his conduct was the subject of remark at Colmar. He resolved to receive communion at Easter publicly. He communicated this intention to his Secretary, and it was decided between them that they would approach the holy table together. Collini himself relates this and describes the manner with which Voltaire stared at the priest during the administration of the sacrament and concludes by remarking, "I knew those glances."

Voltaire was wearied with the delay attending the negociations of Madame Denis at Paris; as he was anxious to see her, in order to concert his plans, and being desirous to remove from a place where he had so many enemies, he agreed to meet his niece at the springs of Plombieres. He left Colmar on the 8th of July, leaving Collini to attend to the printing of the "Annals of the Empire."

* February 22, 1754.

† Letter to Count D'Argental, December 21, 1753.

On the 11th of the same month, he was at the Abbey of Senones, which is midway between Colmar and Plombieres, when he received a letter from his niece informing him that Maupertuis and Condamine were at the Springs, and that it would not be advisable for him to be there at the same time, without incurring the risk of giving rise to a scene as "odious as it would be ridiculous."* In consequence of this intelligence, he sojourned three weeks at Senones, and employed his time in making extracts from the library of the abbey. From thence he went to the Springs, where he was visited by the Count D'Argental. He remained there more than a fortnight, after which he left for Colmar with his niece. He had hardly been returned three months and was engaged in composing the "Orphan of China," when he was obliged to leave the city, after a residence of thirteen months.

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## FAITH.

I have seen a lone tree standing on the prairies, have beheld the storms of winter buffet against its trunk, and the gales of autumn bend its lofty branches to the dust; but when the blast had gone, have viewed its tall form still erect, its limbs still expanded; and I have said, such is the Christian amid the riots and tumults of this world's unrighteousness. His trust is in Him who gave the tree its unyielding root, in whose right hand there is deliverance. Let Christians then learn a lesson from the tree and amid the conflicts of life remember, that with faith they are like a house built on a rock, that their warfare is but for a limited period, and that the reward of the good soldier of the cross is an inheritance of eternal felicity.

* See his Letter to Count D'Argental, June 11, 1754.

FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

# LIFE.

BY N. J. KEEFE.

Go ask yon man, whose silvery head,
Whose weak and hollow eye,
Whose wrinkled brow and feeble tread,
Proclaim his end is nigh ;

Go ask of *him*, and he will tell
Of life's illusive scene,
And as he speaks, if you mind well,
Some wholesome truths you'll glean.

" When life is new," the sage will say,
" This world *appears* all bright,
And flowerets *seem* to deck our way
With not a thorn in sight.

" Delusive hope is at our side,
And whispers in our ear,
That o'er life's sea, our bark will ride,
'Neath skies serene and clear.

" The distant prospect *looks* quite fair,
To our untutor'd mind ;
No clouds appear arising there,
With Disappointment's wind.

" Pleasure's light form will flit along,
And dance before our eyes,
To lure us on, like Syren's song,
To Ruin's precipice.

" Thus, is it ever, when we start
Upon life's winding way ;
Thus, will the world allure the heart,
In youth's too trusting day.

" In after years, we quickly find,
'Tis all deceptive glare ;
Then, unmask'd truth, breaks on the mind,
And lays the prospect bare.

" When youth is past, and fortune flown,
And tott'ring age comes on,
The world grows cold, its cheering tone
Is chang'd and quickly gone.

" Though you have been its servile slave,
And bow'd its will before ;
'Twill let you sink 'neath mis'ry's wave,
When you can serve no more.

" Then, on this world, place not your mind,
Let it on high ascend,
Where dwells a Being, pure and kind,
Man's best and truest friend.

" Oh ! give to Him, your youth's gay prime,
Bestow on Him your heart ;
And when your brow is plough'd by time,
He'll not from you depart."

# SERMON.

## BY ARCHBISHOP CARROLL.

MOSES indeed said: a prophet shall the Lord your God raise up unto you out of your brethren, like unto me: him you shall hear, according to all things whatsoever he shall speak to you; and it shall be, that every soul that shall not hear that prophet, shall be destroyed from among the people.—*Acts* iii. 22, *et seq.*

HITHERTO the chief object of those religious instructions, which it has been my duty to deliver to you, dear brethren, was to imprint deeply in your minds the principles, and to recommend to your esteem, love, and practice, the precepts of christian morality. Little has been said by me, to convince you of the truth of your divine religion; because I hoped and thought that all, or very nearly all of you, not only professed outwardly, but likewise inwardly believed the doctrines of the Christian Catholic Church. With this conviction on my mind, when any deviated unfortunately into the ways of sinfulness, I imputed their transgressions to human frailty, and ungoverned passions, and not to the disastrous lessons of infidelity. But shall I now disclose my fears, and openly express the suspicions laboring in my breast? The last time of discoursing to you from this place, my subject led me to make a few observations on the imperfection of the human understanding, and its insufficiency to guide us, not only in all points concerning the doctrines and precepts of religion, but even in those which form, as it were, the very elements and first principles of faith and morality. Reflecting farther on that subject, I have thought it advisable and likely to produce many beneficial effects, to treat it more particularly, that you may be more convinced of the imperfections of the human understanding, and the need it has of being informed and enlightened by the splendor of divine revelation. For I cannot dissemble my fears, that many of my hearers are intoxicated with that spirit of presumptive infidelity, which inspires a daring confidence in themselves, and a bold assurance that they need no other direction besides that which their own reason suggests to them. After seeing with anxiety and grief, that the many powerful means employed by God's merciful Providence, (over you) are far from having produced an universal reformation, or begotten an attention so general, and such a solicitude for salvation, as your best interests require; may I not reasonably fear, that the minds of some are poisoned with error, and have imbibed the doctrines of irreligion, especially when I consider the close alliance subsisting between licentiousness of manners, and a contemptuous disregard for the most sacred institutions, derived mediately or immediately from the revealed word of God; when daring unbelievers by advancing propositions, more blasphemous, if possible, than they are extravagant, assume in society a pre-

ponderance and authority, of which they avail themselves, to infuse into others an impious ambition of becoming accomplices in their guilt? Whatever effect these vain and ostentatious enemies of truth and morality may have produced in you, it cannot be amiss to put you on your guard against the shafts of their profaneness and impiety. I therefore in my text address you, in the language adopted by the prince of the apostles, St. Peter, when in the very birth of christianity, he explained to the Jews the evidences of its truth. He reminds them, that their own legislator Moses, bore testimony in favor of Jesus Christ, of whom it was foretold in the law, that he should be endowed with the powers and all means necessary for authenticating his divine commission, to teach and reform mankind, that it should be the duty of all *to hear him in the things, whatever he should speak to them; and that every soul refusing to hear him should be destroyed.* These are momentous points, and highly deserving your utmost attention; for unless you be intimately convinced of the existence of religion, and your obligation to believe it, and submit to its laws, the lessons of morality can have no hold on your hearts. I purpose, therefore, with God's assistance, to prove that divine revelation is necessary to make known to mankind, with sufficient clearness, and establish upon sufficient authority, even some of the first principles of the law of nature, and secondly, that the law of nature, as far as it is discoverable by the powers of human reason alone, leaves us ignorant of, and uncertain in many points of our duty to God, on which our happiness essentially depends. These propositions being proved, the result must be this: if a Divine revelation be necessary for purposes so highly important, to deny that God has favored mankind with it, is an impious denial of his goodness and sincere good will to bestow happiness on his rational creatures, the works of his own hands. True religion lays a perpetual restraint on every inordinate passion, and inflexibly condemns all injustice, pride, oppression, and intemperate sensualities. This is the cause of the opposition it meets with, and of the hatred with which it has been calumniated and insulted in every age and country, by men abandoned to their lusts, and puffed up with pride and a vain conceit of the eminence of their own understandings. Various are their devices to free themselves from the yoke, the restraints and the terrors imposed on them by religion. Sometimes they attempt to discard it altogether by impiously denying the existence of that Supreme Being, who is its only author and object. But the language of these infidels is regarded by the royal prophet, as proceeding not so much from the persuasion of their minds, as the corruption of their hearts, and from the folly and blindness generated by shameful and disorderly lusts and passions. The *fool*, as it is expressed by the royal prophet, *said in his heart, there is no God.*

Other enemies of religion, equally impatient of its control over their haughty minds and unruly desires, suggest different means of withdrawing themselves from a subjection to its precepts. Instead of denying that we know any thing of God and his perfections, of our obligations to honor him, and of our relative duties to our fellow-creatures, they pretend on the contrary, that we know every thing necessary in these respects, by the exercise alone of those natural faculties and that portion of reason, which are granted to every man; that by employing these, we may learn the few principles, to which they reduce all religion, and which, therefore, is called *natural religion.* Of this they proclaim the sufficiency

for all the purposes of worship and morality; they celebrate its praises, and set themselves up for its most zealous advocates and champions; and under this mask, they insinuate the poison of their tenets into incautious minds. For while they extol the merit and dignity of natural religion, their zeal and malicious purpose is, to inculcate a persuasion that any other manifestation of God's being and providence, any other injunctions of his will, are useless and unnecessary, consequently that there is no revealed religion, and that all pretensions to it are false and interested impositions. After enumerating the few articles comprehended in this all-sufficient religion, *behold* says one of the principals of this sect (Rousseau) *the only true religion, which is not liable to be perverted by impiety or fanaticism. Besides this, every thing else is foreign to us.*

This is that first capital error against which, with the divine assistance, I am to warn you this day.

Allowing then to infidelity more advantages than she has a right to claim, I will suppose for the present (though this will be proved false in the sequel of our enquiries,) that the only principles of knowledge and morality necessary to our happiness are these: that there is a Supreme Being, the arbiter and disposer of all human things, who commands justice, truth and mutual love of one for the other; and that there is a state of existence after this life, in which the Supreme Being will dispense rewards and punishments, according to each man's deserts. Religion cannot surely be reduced into a narrower compass than this, and with respect to the necessity of believing these articles, St. Paul agrees with the enemies of revelation. But they think and assert that these points are sufficiently known and enforced by the natural lights of reason alone; whereas the apostle teaches, and you, my dear brethren, will be convinced, I hope, that unless the additional authority of God's word come in aid of the weakness of our understanding, mankind, in general, cannot acquire such a certainty of these fundamental articles of religion, as will be sufficient to insure their obedience and support their hopes.

I am far from deprecating that precious gift of God, human reason; or from asserting, that it must always be involved in error and uncertainty. But it is so liable to be blinded by passion, to be warped by prejudices, to be bewildered by the subtleties and contradictions amongst mankind, that it cannot teach with sufficient evidence, or prescribe with sufficient authority the necessary truths and duties just now enumerated. The proofs of this are to be found in the weaknesses, the passions, and the history of mankind; for though we should grant that some, endowed with superior talents, and favored with the advantages of leisure and education, are able to discover the existence, unity, power, and wisdom of God; his providential superintendence over the works of his creation, and the convincing reasons for believing in a future state of rewards and punishments, yet is it not evident at the same time, that, comparatively speaking, few will be able to investigate these important truths? and consequently that with respect to all others, that is, to the great bulk of mankind, their reason will be a most defective guide? For many things concur to render them incapable of and unfit for that application of mind, without which the very fundamental points of religion and morality, cannot be investigated and understood sufficiently, to command our belief and practice. Many are incapable through bodily indisposition, many more are rendered so by the necessity of providing for the subsistence of their families, and by unavoidable

occupations incident to their conditions of life, and have neither time nor opportunity to make those deep researches, without which they must remain ignorant in a great degree, of the things most needful to be known, respecting God, their own duties, and the end of their creation. I mention no other obstacles, to prevent the researches and discoveries of the human understanding when left to its own natural powers, besides these, which extend to so large a portion of mankind, as evidently to demonstrate the necessity of other means of information, than those of reason alone. Can any judicious and reflecting mind persuade itself, that the multitude, who have to struggle with these obstacles, whose progress in knowledge must be retarded by them at every step, will be able to discover sufficiently, not only the existence, but the nature and providence of God, and our accountability to him?

A farther proof of the necessity of a superior direction is this: that these comparitively few persons, to whom leisure, education and supereminent talents, are not wanting to explore the essential truths of natural religion, cannot nevertheless succeed in their enquiries, without much and long investigation; during the whole period of which, as their understanding is in a perpetual state of fluctuation, so their moral conduct must be without any invariable rule and direction. For in the first place, even the brightest and most penetrating geniuses, must meditate long on God's nature and attributes; on the qualities of the human soul; on the powers of our mind; on the differences of virtue and vice, and the future condition of the good and wicked, before they can be fully satisfied (if ever they are satisfied) of the truth of their speculations. In the meantime, that is, during a great part of their lives, they would be floating on the waves of doubt and uncertainty, without sufficient motives to cherish virtue or fly from vice, unless God enlightened them, and by his divine revelation, compensated the imperfections and slow progress of human reason.

Again; no time of life requires to be governed and restrained by fixed and indubitable principles and precepts, so much as that of our youthful years, when all our passions are in a state of ferment, and agitated by the tempests of most boisterous and tumultuous desires. Is this period of our existence adapted to the cool, unbiassed, and elaborate enquiries and meditation necessary to discover and demonstrate the essential truths of natural religion? Experience teaches on the contrary, that however favorable the season of youth may be to the cultivation of those sciences and those literary pursuits, which please and embellish the imagination, it is nevertheless, the most unfit for the study of that sacred morality, that divine philosophy which requires stability of thought and maturity of reflection. To gain their entire belief, and obtain their obedience, truth must be manifested, and come recommended to them by an irrefragable, a much higher authority, and more persuasive influence than the dubious and controverted opinions of men, distrustful themselves, if they be truly learned and modest; or disgustful by their rash confidence, if they be presumptuous. Behold then another convincing proof of the necessity of a Divine revelation, to supply the defects of the mere natural powers of human reason.

To evince more fully this necessity, the best argument which I shall now draw from the imperfection of the human mind is this; if some, after much investigation, come at length to a demonstration of the first principles of religion and morality, yet they are never able to form

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any regular and consistent system of either; the reason is, because they mix and disfigure the truth with many fatal errors, as will be shown not only by the history of the most eminent sages of antiquity, who were not enlightened by the torch of revelation, but likewise by the example of modern unbelievers, who extinguish it in their hearts, and vainly undertake to find their way without its direction. St. Paul speaks of such in his first chapter to the Romans, *who from the creation of the world— . . . when they had known God, glorified him, not as God, . . . but became vain in their thoughts, and their foolish hearts were darkened . . . who changed the truth of God into a lie.*

If any doubts can yet remain on our minds of the necessity of a Divine revelation, these must vanish when we consider the endless uncertainties, and inconceivable errors of the wisest amongst the ancients, who were not favored with the knowledge of it, and of those most celebrated wits of our own times, who rejected the truths which God in his mercy had displayed before them. To begin with the ancients: Socrates, universally esteemed as the wisest of the heathen world, after having discovered by the acuteness of his mind, and the penetration of his intellectual powers, the existence and many of the perfections of the one, only God, affords us nevertheless a memorable instance of the darkness in which human reason, unassisted by revelation, leaves the mind involved. For this most eminent sage, after all his researches into, and discoveries of God's nature and attributes, being at the point of death, had the weakness, and thought it his duty to comply with the popular superstition of his country, and command a sacrifice to one of its false divinities: nor was this all; for after many sublime speculations and discourses on the nature and immortality of the human soul, his very last words are expressive of the greatest uncertainty respecting this very point—I mean a state of future existence: without the firm belief of which, it is evident there can be no religion; none at least to deter us from the commission of vice, or encourage us in the practice of virtue.

If such were the errors and uncertainties of so great a master in the art and faculty of reasoning as Socrates, we can be less surprised that other eminent philosophers of Greece and Rome blended so many grievous errors with the few religious truths discovered by them; not only speculative but practical errors, pregnant with the greatest corruption of manners. The splendid talents and unrivalled elegance of Plato, could not preserve him from such astonishing blindness of understanding, that he recommended and advocated the practice of the most execrable and unnatural vices; such vices, as every christian, blessed with the light of revelation, not only trembles to commit, but even blushes to hear mentioned.

Let us now turn our eyes from ancient philosophers and sages, to contemplate the infidels of a later date, and those of our own times. Here we shall meet a still more sensible demonstration of the insufficiency of human reason. To evidence this, I will select for your information a few examples from the history and writings of those men whom the tribe of deists venerate as pre-eminent in talents and wisdom. In the first place, it appears evident to the christian, and I may say farther, that if the light of nature alone makes evident any one principle of morality, it is this, that human liberty is necessary to the morality of human actions; that it is incompatible with the divine justice to make man accountable and liable to punishment for doing or omitting those things which it

is impossible for him to avoid doing or omitting; and to which he is compelled by the necessity of his nature and the circumstances attending him, or by the decrees and ordering of God himself: that if man enjoy no power of self-determination, he cannot be a moral agent, and those things which have always been deemed the greatest enormities, as murders, parricides, incests, would be, in the estimation of right reason, no crimes at all, if he who committed them was compelled by commanding and irresistible necessity. What a dreadful perversion of order, what an inundation of the most horrible excesses would break in upon the world, if these opinions had general prevalence? But fatal as is their tendency, these are the doctrines of many of the most famous modern enemies of revelation. None amongst them have surpassed Hume in subtlety of argument and acuteness of understanding. Yet having discarded revelation, and disdaining to follow any other guide than his own reasoning faculty, he not only asserts without ambiguity, but employs all his talents to prove that mankind act continually under the influence of necessity; that they really enjoy no freedom of determination, and that they are always under a delusion, while they imagine themselves to enjoy perfect liberty.

Again, vice in this world is generally so elevated, and virtue so depressed; so many are the enjoyments of the wicked, whom no considerations of conscience restrain, and so continual are the self-denials which a sense of duty imposes on the good, that there would be no consolation for the latter, if the belief of a future state and of the immortality of their souls did not support their hopes, and certify to them, that all the seeming disorders and irregularities of this life, would be rectified by a just and righteous God in the life to come. But what do we learn on this important point from modern infidelity? If we consult another of its greatest lights; one, whose brilliant talents have been celebrated with the most exalted encomiums, we find nothing but uncertainty and discouragement respecting a tenet so necessary to morality, so essential to the encouragement of virtue. This great man's reason could discover no sufficient proof of a future state. Ah! my brethren, who sees not in this acknowledgment the necessity of Divine revelation? Nor does Bolingbroke alone betray the state of uncertainty and doubt in so capital an article. Almost all other advocates for the sufficiency of natural reason hold the same language. The unbelieving Voltaire, he, whose writings are so widely diffused to the destruction of religion and manners, endeavors continually to raise doubts to obscure the doctrine of immortality. His numerous disciples have caught his spirit, and sometimes lament with hypocritical concern, that a doctrine so full of comfort remains so full of doubt; whereas in their hearts they wish nothing so much. as that it may be false, having all to fear from its truth. You remember, my christian brethren, to have read with horror some years ago, a particular account of the death of more than twenty of these apostates to anti-christian philosophy, who were sacrificed at the same time to the vengeance of a faction more powerful and sanguinary than themselves; when they were at the instant of their execution,—when their heads were just ready to be laid under the fatal instrument, instead of disposing themselves for reconciliation with the great judge of mankind, they affected to discuss the reasons for and against a future state, and closed their existence here with expressions of the utmost uncertainty respecting any existence hereafter. Yet, by all accounts, these men had great endowments

from nature, and had cultivated them by the study of every human science.

After these memorable examples, who will be bold enough to assert the sufficiency of human reason for all the purposes of morality and religion? Indeed, so many evidences have occurred in these our times, not only of the advantages, but absolute necessity of revelation, that the sincere friend of religion feels one comfort amidst all his disasters. He consoles himself with this reflection, that perhaps Divine Providence has permitted some of the first geniuses of the age to pursue without restraint their own systems and speculations, that we might take instruction from their fatal and monstrous errors, and learn how deeply we are interested in having for our guide in the way of salvation, a more steady rule than the natural lights of the most famed philosophers. To give this lesson was worthy of divine wisdom; especially in an age when infidelity and a contemptuous disregard for the revelation and gospel of Jesus Christ, were laying waste his kingdom on earth, his glorious inheritance, and threatening to extirpate from the world all respect for his law and most holy name. And we may hope that infinite wisdom, drawing good out of evil, will make the delusions themselves of anti-christian scepticism, and the extravagance of its errors, the very means of its total overthrow, by discovering to all men the depth of misery into which we should be plunged without the cheering light of revelation.

However demonstrative of this truth, the examples hitherto adduced are, yet I must beg leave to trespass on your patience, by alleging one more, which places this point, if possible, in a still stronger light. Accustomed, as we are from our infancy, to consider and honor God as the source of goodness and justice, and experiencing many effects of these divine attributes in the providence exercised over ourselves and others, we naturally conclude that every human creature must confess, that justice und goodness are inseparable from the Supreme Being; and that we need consult no other light than natural reason, to be firmly convinced of it, and certainly without a firm persuasion that God is possessed of these perfections, the whole race of mankind would be exposed to the most outrageous violence, all peace would be banished, all confidence destroyed, and life itself, instead of being a blessing, would be our most grievous misfortune. All this, notwithstanding, if we turn to those luminaries of the modern world, who are said to have diffused a splendor over the present age, greater than ever enlightened any other, do we find that their writings illustrate this fundamental doctrine of morality, this consolatry truth, the great Master and Lord of the universe, is infinitely *good*, and infinitely *just?* No, my christian brethren, I am sure that you will hear me with astonishment. Almost all these famed philosophers spread doubts and uncertainty respecting this subject, and employ the subtlety of their understandings, to prove that there is no sufficient evidence of wisdom and justice appertaining to the All-powerful God. This they expressly teach, and make this doctrine the basis of many other impious opinions, tending to remove every barrier against vice, and to damp all ardor for improvement or perseverance in virtue. After exhibiting these almost incredible and pernicious errors of the great leaders in the cause of infidelity, I need insist no farther on the manifest insufficiency of reason alone, to teach us all the necessary points of even the law and religion of nature.

From the observations already made, may I not hope, that you both feel, and will testify the most sincere

gratitude and reverence to that Divine Person, *who enlighteneth every man coming into this world?* (John i. 9) who has spread the effulgence of revelation over the face of the earth, and has not left us to grope in darkness, or afforded only the dim light of reason to search into the ways of truth and life, *but the grace of God, our Saviour, has appeared to all men, instructing us, that renouncing impiety and worldly desires, we should live soberly, and piously, and justly in this world, waiting for the blessed hope, and coming of the glory of the great God, and our Saviour, Jesus Christ,* Titus ii. 7, *et seq.* With this impression on your minds, you will not only be prepared to resist the insiduous and poisonous lessons of infidelity, but you will even refuse to hear them. Expose not yourselves to the artful seduction of books destined to weaken and extinguish your faith. Be not misled by that miserable sophistry, which pretends that none should be afraid of reading works, however hostile to religion, that to be convinced of its truth, they should know the objections raised against it. What? is there no other way of being acquainted with the malignity of poison, but by drinking it up? Are not the evidences of divine revelation so many and convincing, that we may safely and firmly believe it without searching to know whatever pride and licentiousness have devised to oppose it? Let it be your duty to fly from danger, which many of you are not prepared to encounter. Let humility of faith be your shelter and safe-guard. In this most important concern, bear in your mind these words of my text: *it shall be, that every soul which will not hear that Prophet whom the Lord God hath sent, shall be destroyed from among the people:* that is, they who reject his doctrines shall not belong to the chosen race, destined to the possession of an everlasting inheritance of glory. May God vouchsafe to rescue us, at least, from that fatal destruction, and save us in his mercy, through the merits of Jesus Christ. Amen. DEO GRATIAS.

## THE WEEPING WILLOW.

I.

Willow! sweet willow! drooping low,
With slight branch waving to and fro,
Enwreathed and free;
Thy tender leaf first welcoming
The genial, balmy breath of spring,
Romantic tree.

II.

Of all the dark trees stretching wide,
Thou art the glory and the pride,
The poetry
Of the dense forest, seen afar
With sweeping train, like a single star
On the stilled sky.

III.

Memento o'er the hallowed dead
Thou art! with kind limb gently led
Far o'er the grave;
For blighted sorrows, not thine own,
In tenderness thou'lt weep and moan,
Or mutely wave.

IV.

I love thee! meditative tree,
Thus bending in humility!
The pride of mind:
Replete with reverence and love,
Yet bending but to heaven above
In the rough wind! W.

FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

# SACRED MELODIES.

BY JOHN AUGUSTUS SHEA.

## NO. I.

### THE PENITENT.

If deep repentance can atone
For sins committed here,
Mine pleads before the Godhead's throne,
Confidingly sincere:
For here I shed, to Earth unknown,
The penitential tear.

I know our mouldering relics sleep
Within the stormless clay:
But, ah! o'er what mysterious deep
Does the lone spirit stray;
No beacon light on friendly steep
To guide its wandering way?

Bark of alternate hope and fear,
On unknown waters cast,
No sail to speed, no hand to steer,
No signal at the mast;
Darkness around, and breakers near,
Eternal, wild, and vast.

Stay, sinner! stay thy impious thought;
When dust and dust unite,
The Spirit, by God's wisdom taught,
Springs into day from night,
And leaves the earth so darkness-fraught,
For realms of endless light:

Light never dimm'd by storm or shade,
Nor chequer'd from below,
In which eternity has play'd
And life's bright waters flow:
Thither the soul that erring stray'd,
Thro' penitence shall go.

## NO. II.

### LIFE.

*Man, born of a woman, living for a short time, is filled with many miseries.*
Job xiv. 1.

Man's life, of woman born, is brief,
His only heritance is grief;
He cometh from the earth a flower
That blooms and withers in an hour;
He fleeth as a shadow by,
But sent to weep, but born to die.

Determin'd are his days; the line
He cannot pass, oh God, is thine.
Oh! turn from him that he may rest
Till he fulfil high heaven's behest,
For earth renews the injur'd tree;
But man expires, and—where is he?

Th'unmeasured waters fail the sea,
The mighty flood decays and dries,
And Nature's self shall cease to be;
So manhood lives awhile and dies:
'Till the heavens shall pass from yon blue [deep,
THOU wilt not break his breathless sleep.

# OBSERVATIONS

## ON THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY.

BY THE VERY REV. FELIX VARELA, D. D.

Once more I call the public attention as to the proceedings of the American Bible Society, for they are really scandalous. The reader will find in the first volume of this periodical (page 137) an article which I wrote under the title of "THE FIVE DIFFERENT BIBLES," pointing out the great variance that there is between the Bibles distributed and sold by the Society, and therefore I will only take into consideration the last proceedings of that corporation, comparing them with its former transactions in order to show the policy that guides them.

The Bible Society has lately resolved that no edition should be published in any language but according to the English Bible hitherto issued by the same, and that the stereotype plates should be sold by the weight as mere metal. By this resolution the Society loses a great deal of money and incurs besides a great expense for the new editions. Therefore we must conclude that the managers consider this affair of great importance.

When I first wrote against the scandalous difference that there is between the Bibles sold by the Society, an anonymous article, directed no doubt by the Society, came out, stating that the Spanish Bible was published according to the translation of Father Scio, and with all the books which protestants consider as apocryphal, *as a mere compliment to the Spaniards*; and, moreover, that there is no substantial difference between the Spanish and the English Bible published by the Society. Such an unsatisfactory answer met, of course, with a proper animadversion not only from me, but from protestants themselves; but now the Society comes forward to make all right by a complete *recantation*, for I cannot give any other name to its proceedings.

The managers of the Bible Society now confess by their unexpected resolution, that they did wrong by publishing different Bibles, that the difference is a substantial one, and that such a fault shall never be committed again. All this is implied indeed in the last resolution. They first thought it *expedient* to spread the Catholic Bible, and to conceal their sentiments about it, because no other Bible would be accepted in South America. But now, either because they cannot succeed in spreading the Bible in those countries as much as they could wish, or because their imagination anticipates the great success of their missionaries, and leads them to believe that protestantism will flourish there, and bring to light all that ignorant people hide; they take off the mask and condemn the very Bible they have hitherto sent to those inhabitants. Is it not a complete hypocritical policy?

They have not, however, escaped the censure they deserved, and they got it from their own people. Indeed the "*Churchman*" came out with a judicious and severe article showing the impropriety of such a conduct,

for as the writer properly observed, "If the Catholic translation is corrupt and objectionable, why did the Society hitherto publish it? and if it is not so objectionable, why does the Society now refuse to publish it? The answer can only be that the Society thinks it *expedient* now to act in this manner, and did not think so before. So much for its policy."

The "Churchman," moreover, remonstrates that there is no reason why a version that has in its favor the testimony and praise of antiquity should be rejected. The Vulgate indeed, has been the only authorized translation for many centuries before the Reformation and surpasses every other. This, however is not my object, but I must certainly give credit to the "Churchman" for his candor and impartiality.

It should be expected that the managers of the Bible Society after such a judicious and firm remonstrance, not only on the part of the catholics but also of protestants themselves, would have given up their resolution, or have deferred it according to their principle of *expedience;* but it appears that they *repent* so much for having spread the Catholic Bible, that they will rather bear patiently the reproaches made to them by everybody, than to continue in the perpetration of such a crime. Hence they have already commenced the *Bible Reformation*, in order to have them all to agree with the English of King James. I know that they have spoken to a Portuguese gentleman, in order to engage him to make a new translation, different from the catholic of Fereira and according to the English protestant version, but the gentleman declined, and told them that, although a poor and almost destitute young man in a foreign land, his pen would never be employed on such a work. He thus proved to them that he was not guided by their principle of *expedience*, and that catholics are so *bigoted*, as never to yield to circumstances in matters of religion.

As protestants never take a single step in their own defence without committing themselves more and more; the Bible Society could not alter its plan without giving us a chance to make a powerful argument against the Protestant Church, or rather against all the protestant denominations. Indeed, according to their fundamental principle of conduct, they will never be members of a corrupt Church, and for this reason they left the Catholic Church. But now the Bible Society admits, though indirectly, that the Protestant Church in all its different branches has committed the most enormous crime that can be committed by Christians, that is, the corruption of the word of God and the propagation of it thus corrupted. I shall give the proofs of my assertion, and let the impartial reader draw the conclusion according to protestant principles or rule of conduct.

The American Bible Society is an extensive body composed of individuals of high standing and of all denominations, and they supply with Bibles all denominations except the catholics. Moreover, this Society is united to that of England and several others; so that we may consider the whole of them as forming an universal protestant body for the propagation of the Bible all over the world. Hence the proceedings of this Society must be also considered as coming from that universal protestant body composed of many branches or churches, much more so when none of them expressed its disapprobation, though some few individuals may have done so like the "Churchman." The consequence is that the whole protestant community or church, taken in its *moral universality*, has been criminal and consequently corrupted for many years,

and even now continues in its corruption, for surely they have not stopped the distribution of what they think to be a corrupt word of God. How will they now defend their Church according to their own principles? The Society had better make some little addition to its title, and let it be called the ANTI-BIBLE SOCIETY. At all events, they have by their late proceedings made a plain *recantation*, as I have already observed, and consequently they now confess that the defence they made some years ago, when I first wrote against them, was good for nothing, and that all that I stated in my pamphlet entitled "THE THREE BIBLES," and in my second article under the title of "THE FIVE BIBLES," is correct and unanswerable.

The Bible Society has, moreover, contradicted by its conduct more than it could have done by words, the protestant principle of free judgment, and it has established the catholic principle of authority, although badly applied, for the Society assumes the authority which protestants deny to the Church. We have now a constituted body of managers deciding which is the true text of the Scriptures, and refusing to circulate any other. Will they consider themselves infallible in this decision? I hope they do not. Therefore, it is their own opinion that they enforce, and they would have the people to admit it, on a point of the greatest importance. They find that without the principle of authority they cannot preserve the sacred text so as to give but one version to all nations; and thus far they confess the catholic principle, but without its virtue, and as a mere dead instrument, as long as they do not admit the infallibility which is the note or mark of divine origin: and they attribute besides, the authority to men, to whom the gospel gave none. They often proclaim that the Bible Society is not *sectarian;* why then, do they refuse to print the catholic Bible, if they consider the catholic church as one of the sects? It appears that their conscience tells them that *catholic* and *sect* are contradictory terms; and therefore, although they print their Bibles for all *sects*, they do not print any for the catholics, that is, for the church of God, the only one that has the right to decide which are the true scriptures, and to give their true meaning.

Let now any impartial man judge of the justice of complaints against the catholics for not encouraging the Bible Society, and even refusing to receive the Bible as a present. We do act so, and we shall act so, and we have every right to act so, in order to stop the bold attacks of our enemies. They have no right to force our conscience, and if we consider the protestant Bible corrupted, why should they have us to receive it as genuine? Let them give their Bibles to those who believe as they do, and not force others, or find fault with any person, who for a motive of conscience refuses to receive their present. It might be said that the protestant Bible is not so much corrupted as to become totally useless according to the catholic principles. Indeed the text in general, or in its greater part is correct, and thus far we admit the protestant Bible, but reason tells to any man who sincerely wishes to hear its voice, that the corruptions spread here and there make the whole dangerous, much more so for the unlearned: and that the admission of the Bible thus corrupted, will at last produce the great evil of sanctioning its authenticity by the very fact of its becoming general. Let the catholic version be spread among protestants without contradiction, and in a very short time there will be no protestants who will question its correctness. Therefore, in the same manner that protestants would not

have the Douay Bible spread among their own people because they consider it corrupted; we, catholics, would not have King James' version spread among the members of our church. All their talking about the bigotry of the catholic priests in opposing the dissemination of the Bible, only proves that we do our duty, and that we act as we believe.

After all, I am confident, that the new Spanish or Portuguese Protestant Bible will not come out; or, if it does, that it will not be received in the countries where they intend to send it. Even the incomplete though correct Bible they now have is not received, and I know several gentlemen who, wanting to buy a Spanish Bible, would not by any means purchase the one offered by the Society. The result will be, that the managers will be at last convinced of the impossibility of any success amongst catholics by attempting to circulate such Bibles, and they will then apply again their rule of *expedience*, and we shall have the correct and true Catholic Bible published again in those languages. As to the English Protestant Bible, they are convinced by this time that they cannot distribute any copies among the catholics, and therefore the Bible Society will not be of any use to us; and I would not write any thing about it, were it not necessary in order to show the spirit that guides that institution, and to vindicate ourselves from the ungrounded accusation of being opposed to the circulation of the Bible.

Indeed, should any person enquire from the majority of protestants, why do they believe that the catholics are enemies to the Bible, they will give no other reason but that they were informed by their ministers, read in their books, and heard from their people that such is the case, and they will bring as a proof of the correctness of their information, that catholics refuse to receive the copies of the Bible offered to them by protestants, and used to burn the sacred volume to the scandal of all true christians. But should they be asked, how do they know that their ministers do not deceive them, or that they themselves are not deceived upon this point; or, if they have consulted the catholic ministers themselves, or at least, some well-informed catholics; or, if they have read the catholic books on this subject—they will certainly find no answer. Sometimes they think to bear out their assertion by referring us to the Council of Trent; but this miserable subterfuge has been often prevented by catholic divines showing, 1st.—That the Council did not take this subject into consideration, and much less did the Council decide anything, but left the affair to a committee, which was to remain after the separation or dissolution of that memorable synod. 2d.—That their resolution was only intended to prevent the circulation of many corrupt translations that were coming out at that time, and therefore the reading of the Bible was permitted, provided the translations should be approved by the church. It might be said, that it was not allowed to read the Bible without notes—but does this prove that there was no permission to read the Bible? Does he not read the Bible who reads it with certain notes? The protestant logic is very curious indeed. Any unprejudiced mind will draw very different conclusions, namely—that the catholic church, in order to prevent erroneous interpretations of the sacred text, and desirous that the laity should know the meaning of the Scriptures according to the fathers, ordered notes to be attached in the vulgar tongue, for the use of those who by their profession may have no opportunity and no learning to peruse the works of the fathers, and who may be led astray by dangerous in-

novators. If a man who has before him the catholic interpretation of the Scriptures, is so unfortunate as to despise it and follow another, he may blame himself, but not the church, which employed every means to save him. Another conclusion will also be made by every impartial intellect, viz., that protestants do not pretend merely to circulate the Bible, but to establish among catholics the protestant principle, that *the Bible without note or comment, is the rule of faith;* and for this purpose they wish, that catholics should have their Bible without notes in every house if possible, so that naturally they will become familiar with the protestant principle and disregard their own church—in a word, to convert our people; and really, the question is not upon the circulation of the Bible, but upon its circulation with notes or without them, and therefore it is upon the protestant and catholic principles —protestants wish to establish their own, and we shall never consent. If the Bible Society is not sectarian, why does it not allow every church to follow its principles? why does it pretend to force our conscience, or to blame us for acting according to our faith? Let the Society be *liberal*, and give us an edition of the Douay Bible, and distribute it *gratis*, and that will then decide the question whether we are or are not enemies to the Bible. But no fear that the Society will ever give up the holy enterprise of converting the catholics.

As to the fact of catholics refusing to accept the protestant Bible *even with notes*, (for there are several editions with them) we admit it, and it will always be repeated, for it proves that catholics are sincere in their belief. Why should protestants conclude that we are enemies of the Bible, only because we do not receive those copies of it which in our opinions are corrupt ones? On the contrary, the natural conclusion is, that we are *real* friends of the Bible, and that we think so much of it that, even as a present, we decline to accept a corrupt copy, lest by this condescension we may encourage the sacrilegious practice of altering the sacred text according to human fancy, and the circulation of what we may call on certain points false Bibles. They say that we are mistaken. We answer that the unanimous voice of sixteen centuries proclaimed that we are not, and denounced the protestant corruptors of the Bible as soon as they came out with their monstrous production.

The protestant notes will never make a corrupt text to be a genuine one, besides spreading a false doctrine.

Protestants must either confess, that we are not enemies, but friends of the Bible, or they must candidly say, that they want to force upon us their opinions, and to have us to admit the text as they give it, and that they declare and put down as an enemy to the Bible, every one who will not obey their commandments, and receive as a sacred text, the one they have sanctioned as such.

FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

# THE FLORENTINE FETE.

## FIRST AND SECOND EVENINGS.

BY JOHN AUGUSTUS SHEA.

WITHIN about a mile of the fair city of Florence where the waters of the Arno reflect, in their bright, perpetual mirror, the harmoniously blended pageantry of art and nature —palaces, and temples, and spires, and sloping hills, and groves, and gardens, and the snowy summit of the mountain-glories of the Appenines, stood, in about the middle of the sixteenth century, a building remarkable for its quaint, affected style of architecture—an outward experiment upon the combination of all orders, built up by the heterogeneous fancy rather than any unique recognized rule of taste—invading and violating every established order, and openly inviting the censure and derision of the *virtuoso* in days which acknowledged his supremacy in such matters. It, however, pleased its proprietor; and but fulfilled a wayward, eccentric fit of fancy, strange and unaccountable enough, certainly, but not a whit more so than countless others which in all climes, conditions, ages, and generations spring up, luxuriant solecisms, as it were, in minds of the most staid, prosaic, and every day character. Nor were the grounds and gardens which broadly enclosed this truly composite vagary in any way less objectionable or more fantastic than the appearance of the villa: they were certainly laid out with great effect, but it was rather startling than pleasing: rather a changing than a justification of nature. It is not unreasonable to suppose that he who projected this singular extravaganza was himself a man of singular habits and multiform caprice: that his rules of life and social polity were unlike those of any other person; that his very garments were of a daring, deviatory cut, fit, and fashion, for the mere sake of being so—for the display or the enjoyment of a *sui generis* distinction —a kind of wardrobe homogeneousness: for such men are. This supposition, although reasonable, would be erroneous. Pasiello was no such man: in all these matters he was perfectly orthodox and guiltless of any, the remotest, violation of the "Spirit of the Age." The only peculiarity which individualized him from his fellow men was that Villa of equivocal conceptions, but which nevertheless had in its construction a foundation as firm as that of the artisan by whom it had been erected.

Pasiello had received a deep and wide education, but freaks of the imagination had attained the decided ascendancy in his mind: he had lived, from youth upward in the cloud-land of a dreamy world, and like a modern English Nabob, who, ambitioned to immortalize himself in architectural gingerbread-work at and on Fonthill Abbey, he expended uncounted thousands in building just such a dwelling as suited the visionary land which imagination had created, and *hope* made perpetual; and where he should lead a life of refined luxury which would surpass

the brightest creations of oriental enchantment. The apartments of this villa represented the various styles of architecture then known. Here the eye rested with delight on the graceful and feminine beauty of the embodied Ionic,—there the more dignified and masculine proportions of the earlier Doric. In this apartment the richly foliated Corinthian as modified by Bonu expanded its luxuriousness, and in this the sombre Gothic, the monastic child of the Saxon and Norman mind, stood in deep, impressive grandeur. Another displayed the massive uniformity of the Egyptian, and still another, unfolded the recent and fanciful Cinquecento of Italy. In each and all of these the most critical and elaborate rules of art were obeyed, and formed a habitation of never-failing pleasure and variety.

In the year 1526 Florence was visited by Leo X., that illustrious patron of all that was calculated to elevate mankind as near to perfection as finite nature was capable of attaining; and magnificent were the preparations made by the good citizens and the authorities of the city, for the suitable reception and entertainment of the Vicegerent of Heaven. But gorgeous as they were beyond those of any former period on similar joyous occasions, they failed to rival the gradual glories which the brilliant conceptions of Pasiello gathered and disposed within the walls of his villa, with that enchanting distribution of effect which, in even the humblest dwelling, through its minutest moveables, denotes a harmonious, classic, and *effective* mind. Poetry, Painting, Music, and Statuary had their separate and appropriate shrines; where declamations, exhibitions, and performances were projected on the most liberal scale, for the approaching occasion, while some select scientific amateurs of the still surviving glory of the "Gay Science" were invited to fill and perfect the entire effect.

Among the scholars of celebrity who had been invited was Giovanni Rucellai, whose new didactic poem "Le Api" had obtained great favor from many competent judges in the limited and select circle to which it had been introduced, and who wished to avail himself of the Pontiff's visit to read it in his presence. Representations were prepared, under the brilliant suggestions and arrangements of Pasiello, which were in that day, the first incipient attempts to revive and direct the mind to the cultivation of the chanted declamations of the Greek Tragedy. Some of the finest passages from the Euridice of Rinnucini which had, for the first time, been performed on occasion of the marriage of Mary de Medicis and Henry IV. of France, were selected and rehearsed, and all that wealth, and energy, and skill, and exquisite taste could bestow to illustrate the event was rendered tributary to that purpose.

The day arrived at length, and joyously the sun looked out upon the magnificent scenery of the Val d'Arno and the surrounding country —the Eden of Tuscany, and inspiration of the loftiest lyres; the skies seemed to harmonize with the occasion, and as the day passed along, the firmament appeared as a limitless creation of living delight. And twilight succeeded, soft and luxuriant, and shed its dreamy light of chastened lustre; and the air stirred abroad with a life-like breath and kissed as it passed, in refreshing salutation, the flowers of beautiful faces and many colored hues; and the green leaves of the trees and the waters of the lake, embosomed amid them, felt the fresh, sweet breath of the Air-Spirit, as with folded wings she rested for an hour amid the luxury of their green dwelling place. And now came the night, and the moon, and the stars, and the deeper azure, and the reign of Silence, the meditative, not melancholy, sister

of Night and Death, and with them all the still and living poetry of the visible heavens.

With the rapidity of thought, the gardens, and groves, and bowers, and far-stretching variety of dell and glade, presented alleys and undulations of light of a thousand brilliant colors, arranged in fanciful devices, and gleaming, and sparkling through the thick green foliage as though fire-flies, numerous as the leaves that clothed the trees and covered the vast demesne of flowers and shubbery, had assembled to hold a celebration and festival there. The guests soon assembled, and the saloons, illuminated with lights of "purest ray serene" and rendered odorous with the exhalations of flowers set out in alabaster vases of elaborate workmanship, received the great and distinguished for genius, learning, chivalry, rank, and beauty. It were irrelevant to the purpose of this narrative to describe the entertainments which from day to day,

"like waves, of the summer,"

succeeded each other in enchanting and ever-changing round, amid collected treasures of works which were the immortalities of Genius: equally dispensable is the description of the banquets of choicest and rarest viands, or those sumptuous decorations from pencil and chisel, and silken embroideries from the most skilful hands, and finest draperies from the then unrivalled looms of Florence.

All *these* a rich imagination may conceive; but no imagination can reach, for no wealth can create, much less command, the *intellectual* delights of this occasion; leading the mind, in willing captivity, through all the brilliant depths of their wondrous and spiritual realm; and to this portion of the programme belongs the motive of this tale.

In the saloon appropriated to the recitations and musical performances the illustrious company had assembled. Various were the themes and consummate the skill and genius of the artist, who awaited the wishes of the Pontiff to whom was accorded the first selection of a subject. Having signified his pleasure, a young man, handsome but of graver and sterner expression of countenance than seemed the mature work of time, preluding the strain on his lute, with a symphony from Peri, the most celebrated musician of the age, thus proceeded:

## THE MARTYRS.

Flow! let the red blood flow
  Free as the ocean wave,
On the dull, dry earth below,
  To sanctify and save!
Send through the blue sky up,
  The sacrifice sublime;
The passion of the bitter cup
  Will pass in God's own time!

Aye! ye are mighty men
  Who slay the saintly host;
But what of the mad strength then,
  Which now ye proudly boast?
What of the kingly strength?
  What of the red heart's rime,
Which though ye rend will heal at length
  In God's appointed time.

Fling on the blazing brands,
  A conflagration proud!
O'er monarch's ashes, mortal hands
  Ne'er spread so rich a shroud.
Its fire but purifies
  And maketh dust sublime,
And through it millions shall arise
  In God's appointed time.

A greater, yea a greater,
  Than ye, than we, than all;—
The Son of the Creator,
  Has suffered for the fall:
And shall we shrink from death
  Like ye, poor slaves of crime?
No! we but pass to purer breath
  In God's appointed time.

The martyr, aye! the martyr
  Is lifted up on high,
He holds the loftiest charter
  E'er granted from the sky;
The chosen place in heaven
  Beyond the wrath of time,
And he to God's own promise given,
  Shall pass in God's own time.

No vociferous applause—no audible expression of approbation was evinced, but the Improvisatore was rewarded by the deep fixedness of attention which accompanied him, and the feelings which were depicted in serious expressiveness on the countenances of all, denoting the emotions which his composition had awakened, and which still lingered in their essential life, as roses, whose bloom has passed for ever, still retain,

"All the fragrance of summer when summer is gone."

The next improvisation was a production of a mingled character, an exposition of the public motives which influenced the Athenian sage when he preached his philosophy in the public places within the very shadow of the Temple of Minerva: and learnedly and sweetly did he vindicate in his theme "The death of Socrates," and the timid twilight-beauty and truthfulness of his anticipated christianity.

He was succeeded by one whose years had been many, and on whose brow, their cares and furrowing thoughts and experience had left their indelible mind-mark. Having passed his fingers along the strings which responded the *motive* of his theme, he commenced:—

## THE PONTIFF.

Father! to whom are given
The sacred keys of heaven,
Through ages down from Apostolic hands;
Whose reign of gospel peace
On earth shall never cease,
But spread its empire o'er the universal lands.

What of the kings of old,
Who sat on thrones of gold,
Who smiled o'er subjugated nations round?
Have all their honors died,
Their power, and pomp, and pride,
Their glory and their greatnesses renowned?
What of their wondrous reigns—
What of them now remains?
Methinks their nations might more happy be?
Their nations! yea even they
Have passed like clouds away;
But reel not with their thunders years to be?

Nothing of them remain
But the corroding chain,
That eateth to the heart corrupting all within,
The carnage and the strife
That feed on human life—
They are posterity's heritance of sin.

But the harmonious Line,
Promised from lips divine,
Beneath the standard-sheet by Christ unfurled,
Yea, stronger and more strong
As ages roll along,
It reigneth to the judgment of the world.

The classic traveller stands
Musing 'mid eastern lands
O'er temple, tower, and pillar, tomb and shrine,
Down levelled with the dust,
Ambition's mouldering trust,
Of earth and earthly power a presage and a sign.

But here, divinely strong,
God's temple lives along,
The length of time foundationed on the Rock.
Tempests around it ride,
But, strong on every side,
It stands in tranquil pride, nor feels the phrenzied shock.

And thou, upon whose state
Art, Science, Learning wait,
Virtue and Truth, and Power of Holiness!
Thou, thou wilt guard the prize,
That temple of the skies—
For with thee is our God, to justify and bless.

Christ's Vicar! Leo! Chief!
Though earthly days are brief,
While lives the Vatican shall live thy name;
And when life's night shall come,
The air around thy tomb
Shall bear to farthest shores the glory of thy fame.

Here rested the entertainments of the second evening of the Florentine Fete: for so great was the reverential respect due to, and entertained for,

the illustrious Leo; and so eminently merited the allusion to his exertions in the revival of literature and the fine arts, that it was, as by spontaneous action, deemed more deferential to dispense with the remaining order of the programme: a feeling which the discriminating Pontiff observed and acknowledged by a graceful obeisance.

FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

# CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HAPPINESS."

'Tis bright as the light, yet it suffers below,
When the want of all things most annoys;
And kinder than kindest, it mingles with woe,
Yet it always true pleasure enjoys:
It envies not fortune, nor claims as its due,
Aught that puffs up the pride of a man:
It never provokes, but retires from the view,
And thinketh no evil to scan:
It hopeth all things in the readiest way,
It beareth all things, though uncouth:
And never victoriously strives for the day,
But with patience, it rests in the truth.
Without it all else is as counterfeit brass,
Or the tinkling of cymbals in sound,
And Christians and Turks may pretend—but alas!
With the humble 'tis alone to be found.
Go then, thou proud sinner, and humble in dust,
With the cruel and bad make confession;
And in the bright beam of true charity trust,
That thy patience may prove thy profession.

MS. POEM.

In respect of charity, we must inculcate it by precept and example as one of our social duties, and direct the annual appropriation of a portion of money for its claims. When a case of distress is presented to us, it must not be a doubtful question whether we will or will not relieve it—we must meet it with feelings disposed to fulfil the claim of benevolence as promptly and as effectually as any other of our duties. The only point of hesitation is, whether it is a case of real distress; to ascertain this point, we must consider it also as a positive duty, and one that we cannot decline. That some trouble attends the investigation is no reason why it should not be made; to the young, the ardent, and enterprizing, the trouble, or rather the exertion, will be agreeable, and with the hope before them of its leading to benevolent results, the effort will be delightful. Experience, unhappily, has too long demonstrated that, of the numerous claims made on compassion, by far the greater number are deceptions; but that all are not so, experience has equally proved. When the very existence of a fellow creature is at stake, it is not surely

too laborious to take measures for ascertaining whether the mournful petition be true or false; for though poverty, and sickness, and sorrow often retire to obscurity, and perish uncomplaining and unknown, yet there are minds worthy of pity and not too lofty to ask and accept it, who make their sorrows known. It is common for conversation to fall on the topic of detected frauds on benevolence, and such conversation is not without its use, as exposing the artifices of the cunning, and arousing the vigilance of the inexperienced; but it is a duty we owe to virtue, to recollect and relate at such times, those instances of real distress which we have met with. No one but can remember, be it only a solitary case, in which he was not deceived; in which his efforts were crowned with success; in which he rescued a human being from suffering, and saw hope and gladness take the place of despair and grief. Such a detail would serve to awaken kindly feelings in the listening circle; would counterbalance the bitterness of any misanthropic emotion caused or encouraged by the frequent repetition of tales of fraud; would embolden the compassionate to continue the efforts of benevolence; and would "make man feel for his fellow man."

That real sufferers too often retire into holes and corners, and die unpitied and unnoticed, is a melancholy truth that ought to act as a stimulus to the exertions of the humane; many of these sufferers so retire, because from their knowledge of human nature and human life, they expect no attention to their petitions and representations. Were it generally understood that a more gracious and liberal system pervaded society, were it known that people inquired into facts before they rejected petitions, many who now die in hopeless misery might come abroad and make known their wants and their wretchedness. Should it be asked how the adoption of this better system could be promulgated, the answer is ready—by precisely the same means as the present system of suspicion and incredulity is known. The servants attending behind our chairs catch the tone of their masters, and, either as adopting or censuring it, publish it among the lower classes. The better ranks of tradespeople who often advocate a cause they can no otherwise befriend, when they encountered patient attention and calm investigation, instead of the usual abrupt refusal or cynical reply, would not be tardy in spreading abroad the welcome change. The sufferers themselves, too often hurled from a station of affluence and importance, would recall the newly-kindled spirit they perhaps helped to awaken, and fly to be known and assisted.

To say you will inquire into the truth of a statement, if graciously announced, will alarm only the fraudulent; they will give false information, and cease to importune. The real sufferer, if of a refined class, may feel a momentary indignant sensation at the suspicion of his word, but a recollection that the discovery of his truth will insure his relief and assert his honor, will quickly turn the glow of anger to a warmth of a more gratifying nature; and, after all, how large a portion of the wretched are without any of these nice and fastidious feelings—some never having had them, others having them blunted down by trials and vicissitudes.

Not to relieve distress without ascertaining its nature and extent, is, in reality, the corner-stone of social benevolence. On such a foundation a noble and extended structure of efficient charity might be raised; without it, the most splendid gifts and most generous efforts may be valueless, nay mischievous.

Deciding that no claim is to be re-

garded without investigation, we shall at once perceive the immense superiority of private to public charity; but, as there are many who, from age, infirmity, or occupation, *can* only give their money—as there are still more who, from indolence, selfishness, love of amusement, &c., *will* only give their money—public charity is a necessary medium of dispensation, the managers making, for the subscribers, the necessary inquisition. Those who are willing to give time as well as money, will do well to be themselves their own almoners. Those who have much leisure and little wealth, must take care the little they have to give is given wisely.

By allotting a certain portion of annual income to charity, there will always be a fund ready for the claims of distress; such claims will be met without effort, and benevolence will be what it ought to be, a regular and continually-flowing stream.

That charity begins at home is an adage censured as selfish, but if viewed rightly, will, perhaps, be found worthy of approval and adoption. Does it not mean, that we must not, by folly and extravagance, reduce *ourselves* to beggary? Does it not mean, that we must first take care of our immediate family and connections? If this is the true meaning, we cannot do better than act upon it; by accuracy and foresight avoid the chance of throwing ourselves on the funds of the benevolent —by attention and exertion rescue our relatives and friends, as much as is in our power, from being burdensome to society,—feeling ourselves as the centre of a circle, extend around us, according to our means, the rays of benevolence; apportion our little fund, first to the demands of kindred, next of friends, next of those known, lastly of strangers. Sometimes a gift is most serviceable in money; oftener in clothes, food, and other necessaries. A little labor and ingenuity will serve to bestow a most useful present at a small expense of money. It is wonderful how much can be done with a trifling sum judiciously expended. It is incalculable how much comfort is often dispensed by the smallest donation, even by a few kind and cheering words. Hope is awakened, the sense of desolation and friendlessness is mitigated, courage is given to endure, or spirit is aroused to act. In summing up the aids received, those unacquainted with the depth and variety of human misery would startle to hear what small aids are counted by the poor as important benefits. It is almost impossible for those enjoying all the comforts of life to form any idea of the extremity of want to which numbers of their fellow-creatures are reduced. A lady once entered a hovel which contained a mother, her daughter, and three young children. It was in the depth of winter, but there was no fire and the floor being below the level of the street, was damp with the moisture continually draining on it. A log of wood was the only seat, another smaller log the only table; a worm-eaten chest held the few ragged garments not in use; a mattress, decayed by damp and age, was the only bed. Amid such destitution, the value of the smallest gift may be easily divined.

Let the most prosperous recal the hours of sadness, which, however prosperous, they must have experienced—the hours when friendship failed or enmity assailed, when distant evils threatened or present pains afflicted, when melancholy bodings oppressed or actual trials gloomed. How mournful in such hours are all reflections and anticipations, how fearfully is every event watched, how despondingly is every circumstance viewed. If to them, so comparatively little tried, if to them, at such hours, the voice of cheerfulness and kindness is precious and reviving—the

interference of affection and sympathy is welcome and consoling—can thought image the vast, vast worth of pity, and advice, and bounty to to the utterly destitute.

Compassion is so natural and agreeable to the youthful bosom, that these remarks are not intended to awaken so much as to guide it. The worst men are capable of pitying their fellow-men, though many by injudicious and misapplied acts, render the intended good a positive evil. Hence it is not enough to pity, we must study how best to serve; and this cannot be done except by understanding the full extent of the evil to be remedied, an observation which brings us round to the beginning of this discussion—give no relief till the truth and nature of the sufferer's situation has been ascertained.

Such investigatiou may need much time. It is better to do one thing well than many indifferently; to concentrate our exertions to one claim, and slacken not till all in our power has been done. The efficient relief of one object may swallow up all our resources; be it so; it is better to benefit one effectually than inefficiently to succor many. Let us illustrate this opinion;—you have only a certain sum to give, you share it among many, each of whom is transiently, not permanently, served; each of whom is, therefore, compelled to continue dependent on casual help. You have a certain sum, you expend it carefully and judiciously for the service of one, and, by so doing, you place that one out of the reach of continued want, and in the way of self-exertion. When an individual has been thus rescued from ill, then turn to another, but not before. During your life you may hence relieve few cases, but those few will be effectually relieved.

Such remarks as these, timely addressed, and sustained by practice and example, may early guide the awakening compassion of childhood, and induce habits of active and judicious charity to the end of life.

## EDITORIAL OBSERVATIONS.

A new volume of the Expositor commences with the present number. From its origin, it has gone on improving, under the influence of a generous support, and. without pronouncing, ourselves, on the condition it has in so short a time attained, we leave the public to judge of it. We are perfectly aware that the contents might have been more varied, nay perfectly original, were the able pens that are lying dormant throughout our land to assist in affording contributions. But as nearly the whole of the work, monthly, devolves on two clergymen, who are otherwise constantly engaged in the duties of the ministry, our readers must have patience, if the subject matter is not always as perfectly interesting and instructive as under other circumstances it might be made. But our energies will not slacken, nor our industry and zeal diminish: our object is to do good, as far as our means allow, and, as long as the Catholic public encourage us, we shall do as much as possible. More should not be required.

Mr. John Dillon Smith, under whom the Expositor was first originated, and who is still connected with the work, is now on a tour procuring subscribers, collecting monies, &c., on account of this periodical. We should deem this notice unnecessary, were it not to recommend him, as deserving of all attentions, to our distant friends and acquaintances.

The United States Catholic Miscellany.—If the Editor of this ancient and useful periodical can derive any pleasure from the exertion he is making to injure the author of the "*Horæ Vagabundæ*," he is welcome to it all. But we certainly do not envy any one the delight he enjoys in insulting a Catholic Clergyman, who was brought up in a school which forbids him to retaliate. Catholic papers should be the first to cover the mistakes and errors of the Clergy with the mantle of holy charity, and the last to exaggerate and publish them, with a spirit that never should abide in the breast of a Christian. If an expression, which is liable to misinterpretation, chanced to drop from the pen of the author of the "Hours of Travel," why do not the Catholic Editors who have censured it, publish some of the innumerable passages which contain his heartfelt admiration aud praise of institutions, personages, and scenes in Ireland? Justice, which demands *restitution*, seems to exact this imperatively on the present occasion. Perhaps, then, the "Cork Southern Reporter" would retract much of its coarse and unmerited abuse: for it is founded on the remarks made in the "Miscellany," the writer of which had the simplicity to acknowledge *that he had never read the* "*Horæ*."

We welcome the sweet "aspirations of youth" to our pages. The writer whose modesty conceals his well-known name under the solitary letter L, deserves to rank among the chastest and most classic in the American Church. For, we cannot conceal that he is a Clergyman.

Mr. John Augustus Shea has commenced a series of "Sacred Melodies" in our present volume, which will be regarded as bright and holy gems, by all who appreciate religious poetry.

The Discourse in behalf of the Oregon Mission, beyond the Rocky Mountains, delivered in St. Peter's Church, by the Very Reverend Vicar General of this Diocese, Doctor Power, will be read with uncommon pleasure, by all who feel an interest in the propagation of our holy faith, or appreciate the eloquence of a highly gifted and learned Divine. The Jesuits are eulogized, as they deserve to be by every impartial mind, for to them belong the honor and fame of having christianized the savages of South America, and theirs is now the glory of commencing a new conquest to the Cross, amid the fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains, under the guidance of Father de Smedt, in whom all the qualities necessary for such an enterprise seem to be felicitously combined.

The Lines on the death of Bishop Dubois, by "Lynch," were accidentally mislaid. In looking over some MSS. of late, we came across them: but, as it is rather late to publish them now, we hope the writer will favor us with some other effusions.

We have received the Oration of George Columbus Morgan, &c., &c., delivered before the Philodemic Society of Georgetown College, February 22d, 1843, which shall be noticed next month. At present, we will merely treat our readers with the remarks made by the Rev. Thomas F. Mulledy, in reply to a toast complimentary to himself, given by James Hoban, Esq.

After an excuse for not having yielded sooner to the wishes of the

company, and several sallies of well-timed wit, he gave the honor of founding the Philodemic Society to another, who, he said, had uniformly verified in his own person the noble motto of the Society of which he had been the founder, and the first president, "eloquentiam liberati devinctam colit;" and that there might be no doubt as to the nominative case of the verb "colit," he pointed it out in the person of him who sat at the head of the table, [the Rev. James Ryder, President of the College.] But if he could not claim the honor of being the father of that Society, he might well be called its grandfather, for, though he had some repugnance to this title, inasmuch as it was associated with the idea of old age, whilst his disposition led him to associate and be most pleased when with the young, yet, he submitted to it, because it was well calculated to express the excessive fondness with which he had adopted it into the family at its birth, and had ever cherished it up to the present hour. He then spoke of the undying affection which, as an American, he bore his country, and that spot of it in particular in which they were then congregated—a spot hallowed, in his memory, by associations of the most tender character—a spot which had been the theatre of his youthful sports and youthful labors, and subsequently of his efforts in the cause of education—a spot, to which, under God he was indebted for his religion, dearer than life and liberty itself—in a word, a spot which he called his Alma Mater, and truly she had been a good mother to him. He then spoke in the most affecting and thrilling manner of his feelings when far, far away in a stranger land, he heard from this home of his heart; confessed that many a tear stole down his cheek, when he read with noble pride, in the English newspapers, that to the Philodemic Society and the Georgetown College belonged the exclusive honor of first celebrating the landing of the Pilgrims of Maryland on the shores of St. Mary's; described his sensations upon his late and unexpected return to his "own, his native land," and to this institution, with whose interests and happiness his own seemed to be identified; and declared that, no matter in what situation he might be, whether sitting at the helm or tugging at the oar, the nerve of his arm, the fervor of his heart, the powers of his mind were hers, and that should this gallant vessel, to which he had plighted his faith, be attacked, he should, at the first warning, fly to her assistance, defend her, at the risk of his own life, with those only weapons, indeed, which religion had left at his disposal, dispute every inch of her deck with the invader, and bear her victorious from the contest, or sink with her to the bottom.

Franquinet's Collection of Paintings.—An opportunity which may seldom occur, will be offered to the Clergy, for the purchase of some beautiful paintings, at the sale of Mr. Franquinet's collection, which will take place on Wednesday, the 12th of April next, at his residence, No. 12 Park Place. Among the pictures are two very fine copies of the Pastor Fido and the Infant St. John, after Murillo, which were exhibited at the British Institution, in London, in 1837. A Virgin with a rosary, from the same master, and an Ecce Homo with several other sacred subjects, all calculated to ornament our churches.

"Father Cyprian Bazere."—This highly interesting paper is the production of a Protestant writer, and therefore, the more to be valued. It is but the first part. The testimony he bears to the labors and merits of the Jesuit Missionaries, should be a complete refutation of the slanders so

artfully projected, especially in the United States, against a body of men, who, like the middle ages, the more they are known and studied, the more admirable they appear. We have other similar productions from the same pen, which shall be published in our columns, for the edification of our Catholic, and instruction of our Protestant, readers.

Saint Patrick's Day.—The effects of the tremendous storm which occurred on the eve of this festival, rendered the day extremely unpleasant. A very deep snow lay in the streets. Notwithstanding this, the panegyric of the saint was delivered in the Cathedral, by the Rev. John M'Closky, whose ability and eloquence are well known: and in St. James, by the Rev. John Smith, who, in his usual commanding style, addressed a very crowded audience. The Rev. Dr. Pise was to have preached on the same subject, in St. Peter's, Jersey City; but the boat, which generally crosses the river in ten minutes, was driven down by the strong wind and tide, in such a manner that after laboring for nearly two hours to gain her destination, she succeeded at length, with the greatest difficulty, in reaching the shore. It was then too late for the service. The Rev. Dr. Power delivered the panegyric at St. Patrick's Church, on the Point, at Baltimore.

Lecture of Mr. Hare.—We insert the notice of this lecture with unusual pleasure, in the Expositor. The subject is extremely important, and has been handled in a masterly manner, by the author. Our readers may not be aware that Mr. Hare is a convert, and an ornament to our church.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

Manual of Catholic Devotions, By Rev. E. Damphoux, D. D. John Murphy, 146 Market street, Baltimore.

We love to notice any work that comes forth from the hands of the Rev. Doctor Damphoux: for we always have a subject of merited praise—a production delightful to the man of taste, if it be literary, and invaluable to the pious and devout, if it be sacred. Without intending to make any comparison, we cannot help affirming, that, in our humble opinion, there is no one in the church of the United States more competent to compile and arrange a book of instruction and prayer, than the learned and well known author of the "Manual of Catholic Devotions." Let the reader but turn to the Index, and he will there find every thing that can be desired in such a volume. The translations of hymns, &c., done in prose, are excellent and new: couched in a style congenial to the age, and, at the same time, not losing any of the simplicity and sublimity of the original. The whole has been approved by the Archbishop of Baltimore.

With regard to the manner in which it has been published by Murphy, we can bestow no higher compliment than by declaring that it yields only to the "Ursuline Manual" of Dunnigan. The size is convenient, the type and paper excellent, the

plates are tasteful in their execution, and highly appropriate in their character. With an earnest hope that the publisher may meet the success in the sale of this splendid prayer-book, which it so eminently merits, and with a sincere acknowledgment of our thanks to the Rev. Doctor Damphoux for the gem he has presented, we recommend it, with all our hearts, to the Catholic community.

## INTELLIGENCE.

A Yorkshire newspaper, published in the district where Mrs. Wood and her husband have lived of late years, states that the lady has had a leaning to catholicism since 1836, when she first visited America with her present husband, arising out of the following circumstances: In that year she gave her gratuitous services to the Orphan Asylum in New York, and afterward she had a small testimonial presented to her, singularly and beautifully written on tinted paper. The following is a copy: "Madam—This is but a slight token of the orphan's gratitude, but it is hallowed by the orphan's prayer. Whatever is happiness on earth, may it be yours—and when earth's labors are done, may those exquisite and thrilling tones which have relieved our wants, be blended with the seraph voices around the throne of God in Heaven. Written by an orphan."

To the impression this circumstance made upon her mind is attributed the change in her religious views. In reply to certain insinuations as to the cause of the extraordinary step she had taken, Mrs. Wood addressed the following letter to one of the local papers:

"Sir,—Having understood that a rumor has been circulated in the neighborhood of Wakefield, imputing that the ill-treatment of Mr. Wood has forced me into a convent, I feel it imperative on me to give the most unqualified contradiction to the report, and to state that Mr. Wood's conduct to me has been uniformly kind and indulgent.

MARY ANNE WOOD.

Convent, Micklegate bar, York, Feb. 17, 1843."

The *Dublin Evening Post* gives the following statement:

To dispose of all scepticism as to the conversion of Mrs. Wood to the Roman Catholic religion, we are enabled to state, through the kindness of a protestant gentleman of this city, a friend of ours, that he, after using his utmost endeavors to dissuade Mrs. Wood from the step she was about to take, accompanied that lady, on Saturday last, from the residence of Mr. Wood to the convent at York, where she now is—that Mr. Wood, on their separation, made for her an ample provision, should she either take the veil or return to live in the world.

The separation of Mr. and Mrs. Wood was solely on the ground of the impossibility of her being received into the Catholic Church without resolving on such separation, as that church does not recognize the doctrine of divorce, and Mrs. Wood felt there could not be any compromise in matters that regarded eternity. The parting of Mrs. Wood from Mr.

Wood and their infant son, was truly affecting, and proved the intensity of their attachment, the sacrifice they made, and the triumph of religion over this world. It appears that the decision of Mrs. Wood was no sudden ebullition. On the contrary, she has been for several months in communication with the zealous and truly pious Roman Catholic clergyman of Wakefield, the Rev. Mr. Morris, whom she had selected as her instructor in the tenets of that church, into which she was publicly received on Sunday, the 5th of February, in the chapel of Wakefield, where she made her first communion.

The Archbishop of Paris, in the name of his Clergy, presented the following address to the King on the commencement of the New Year.

*Address of the Archbishop of Paris.*

"Sire,—We lay before you our very sincere wishes for the preservation of a life become more and more endeared and precious to France. We pray to God to add to those days, which he has so often protected, others with fewer trials—days of two generations. *Dies super dies Regis adjicies, et annos ejus usque in diem generationis et generationis.* May they be happy! happy for your august family! happy for the state! happy for religion! Grateful for the good you have already done her, she may still form some wishes for the future, but there is not one of which the accomplishment would not contribute to the happiness of our country. Deign, sire, to accept this respectful expression of our wishes and our homage."

The King replied—

"One of the most pleasing consolations that I have received in the misfortune which has overwhelmed me, was in the coffin of my lamented son being surrounded by the prayers of the Church and the unanimous grief of the clergy. I consider myself happy—if I may still use that expression—to have this occasion of testifying to the clergy of Paris and their worthy head how sensible I am of their pious expression of duty, and I can only again recommend to your prayers, my person, my family, and France."

The "*Univers*" of last Tuesday, after giving the above address and reply, observes, "The discourse of the Archbishop is a significant one, after the solemn demands which he made last year for the sanctification of the Sunday, and for liberty of instruction—demands to which the Government as yet have paid no regard. Every one must understand the meaning of the prelate's words, when he speaks of the hopes which religion still entertains, and when he asserts that the fulfilment of those hopes will contribute to the happiness of France."—*Cath. Telegraph.*

Puseyism in Ireland.—The Bishop of Down and Connor, in reply to the memorial of lay members of his flock, refuses, in the most positive terms, to withdraw from the Church Architecture Society, which, it is alleged, is favorable to the adoption of Puseyite, that is, Roman Catholic models and decorations.

Lisbon.—A Lisbon Journal states that the four bishops named by the government will be shortly installed by Mgr. Cappiucini, according to instructions received from Rome. The prelates are the Patriarch elect, the Archbishop of Praga, and the Bishops of Oporto and Leira.

Diocese of Richmond.—The zealous Bishop of Richmond has published several statutes for his Clergy, which, for the most part, embody the discipline and usages, already prevailing and sanctioned in the other dioceses of the United States. As the number of Clergy is small, the formality of a Synod was omitted.—*Cath. Herald.*

THE LATE WILLIAM JENKINS, ESQ.—In the demise of this venerable man, the Church and City of Baltimore have lost an inhabitant and a member, whose name and virtues have been for half a century before the admiration of the public. From the Cathedral, one of the pillars may truly be said to have been removed. But his memory shall never be forgotten: and the merit by which he arose to wealth and influence, will be a glorious example to future times.—

A MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.—The tower of the Church of Westzaan, in Holland, one of the most remarkable monuments of the Middle Ages, has lately tumbled to the ground. This occurred during the night, with a noise that resembled the sound of thunder. This tower dated from the ninth century, and was about two hundred feet high. During the war with the Spaniards it served as a *corps-du-garde*, and withstood all the attacks of the enemy.—*Courier des Etats Unis.*

ZURICH.—The Protestant government of this canton has liberally offered to give up the ancient church of the Augustines for the Catholic worship. Thus the Catholics are nearly unrestricted in the Protestant town of Zurich.

PROPOSED CATHOLIC CHURCH AT OXFORD.—At a late meeting of Catholics, over which presided John Davy, Esq., of Dorchester, it was resolved to invite a general assembly of the Catholic nobility and gentry to meet the Right Rev. Bishop of the district and the clergy of the neighborhood, for the more effectual establishment and promotion of the above sacred undertaking. Preparations for the meeting are in active progress. The Right Hon. Lord Camoys has kindly consented to take the chair.—*True Tablet.*

DEATH OF REV. J. M. HORSTMANN. The diocese of Cincinnati has sustained a severe loss in the death of Rev. Mr. Horstmann, who departed this life on the 21st February, in his sixty-fifth year. His disease was the dropsy, from which he suffered much, but always without complaint, for the last seven months.

This excellent Clergyman, after having being for many year Professor in the Caroline Gymnasium of Osnabruck, where he was universally esteemed by teachers and students for his learning and piety, came to labor for the salvation of souls, especially those of his own countrymen, in Ohio, in the year 1833. With his own money, he purchased several hundred acres of land, on the Auglaize, near Ottowa, in Putnam county, where a large congregation was speedily collected around him, and whom he tended with devoted fidelity and care for the last ten years. The school which he established near the church was one of the best of the kind in the State, and the youth that frequented it might have been easily distinguished by their attention to their religious duties, respectful and edifying deportment in the Holy Place, affectionate obedience to parents, and reverence for old age. After having disposed of all his temporal goods for the spiritual advantage of his flock, he had the happiness of receiving the last sacraments from his friend and associate, Rev. Mr. Boehne, and in the most perfect sentiments of faith, hope, and charity, he calmly fell asleep in the Lord. May he rest in peace.—*Catholic Telegraph.*

THE REV. DR. MULLEDY passed through this city on his way to Boston. We are informed that *Bishop Fenwick* has invited the Jesuits to open a College of their Order, for the education of youth, at Worcester, and that the Reverend Gentleman above-mentioned is ap-

pointed to take charge of the Institution. Any one acquainted with his talents and capabilities will agree that a better selection could not have been made. For many years he filled the office of President of the Georgetown College, and was afterwards Provincial of the Society in Maryland. He is a native of Virginia. The introduction of the Jesuits into Massachussets forms a new era in the history of that State and Diocese; and there can be no doubt that the advantages to both will be invaluable.

Rome, Jan. 8.—Yesterday (the festival of the Epiphany) the Propoganda Society, in a solemn meeting, determined the annual functions to be discharged by its pupils, each of whom are to deliver an article in a foreign language in praise of the Madonna. To-day there was a repetition of the solemnity, aud on each occasion there was a vast concourse of visitors, especially foreigners. Yesterday the company was no less numerous than brilliant, many persons of high rank having honored the meeting with their presence. Addresses were delivered in no less than forty-eight different languages, and though it must be confessed that to listen for a length of time to unintelligible words is not a little trial of patience, yet to the philosopher it was not uninteresting to compare the expressions of the various idioms. The meeting was also well calculated to show the influence which the Jesuits, and the Catholic clergy in general, exercise through the medium of their Propoganda in all parts of the world. We here found Chinese acting in concurrence with Germans and Irishmen, Ethiopians and Arabians contributing their efforts conjointly with Poles or Frenchmen: and all these young men, animated by the one object to which they have devoted their lives, will return to their native homes, thence to maintain a close correspondence with the Propoganda, and, in fulfilment of their oaths, to transmit to Rome, at stated intervals, circumstantial intelligence of every thing remarkable or important that may come under their observation. There is no nation in the world of whom the Jesuits do not obtain the most accurate information through the medium of these agents.—*Times Correspondent.*

The Sovereign Pontiff has conferred on Cardinal Patrizi, the title of Protector of the Order of the Hermits of St. Augustine.—*West Cath. Reg.*

"During the year 1842, there died," says the 'Courier Francais,' "the last of the Abbesses *crosses* of France (Madame de la Comtesse Marche); the last of the Chanoinesses of Remiremont (the Comtesse d'Arma de Monspey); the last of the Prelate Abbes of Flanders (the Abbe Delvigne); the last of the Augustinian Monks of France (the Abbe Mollard); the last of the Hermits of Switzerland (the Hermit Kauffman), found frozen in the forest of Dufikon; the last of the Counsellors of the Parliament of Navarre (M. de Parage) the last of the companions of the famous Paul Jones, and the last of the companions of Cook. Thus has an entire society, a whole age, disappeared within one year."

Majorca.—The church of Spain has just lost one of its venerable prelates. On the 18th ultimo, Don Antonio Perez de Hirias, who during 17 years, had ruled over the church at Majorca, expired at Palma, his episcopal city. A few hours before his death, he took up a crucifix which was placed near him, and pressed it to his heart until he expired. The deceased prelate was visited a short time ago by the French bishops on their return from Africa, after having conveyed there a portion of the relics of St. Augustine.

C. Lewis del.

St PETERS CHURCH BARCLAY St NEW-YORK.

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